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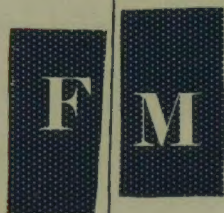
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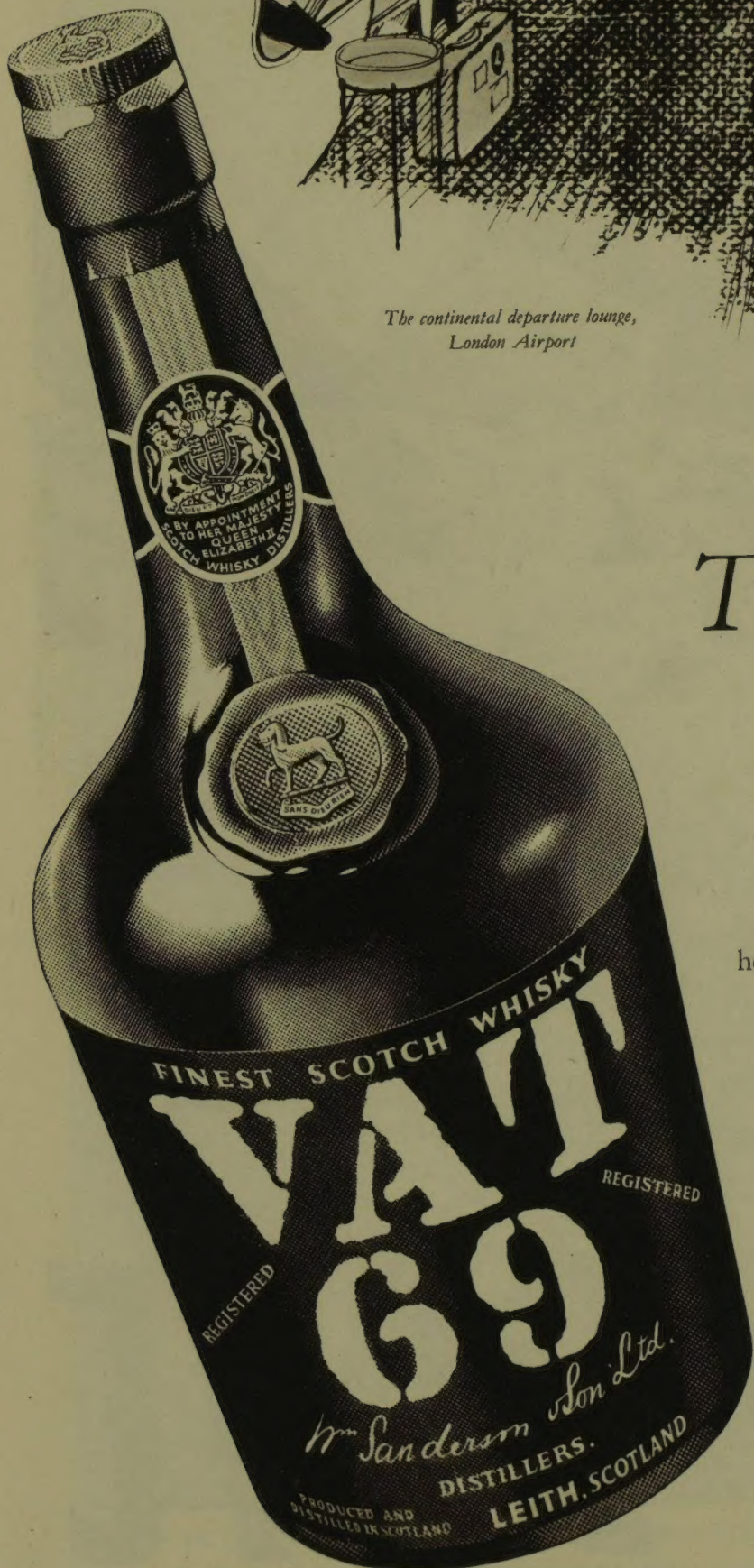
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1957.



IN THE PANTHEON OF THE FAMOUS: THE LATEST MODEL OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

This model of Sir Winston Churchill is the sixth which has appeared in Madame Tussaud's famous London exhibition of waxworks. The first model, which showed Sir Winston as First Lord of the Admiralty, was included in the collection in 1913 and on that occasion stood beside the model of King George V. The present model, shown above, which was

completed in the autumn, shows Sir Winston wearing the habit and ensigns of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, to which he was appointed in 1953. He was installed as a Knight of the Garter in June 1954. The model is exhibited in the Grand Hall next to the group showing her Majesty the Queen with members of the Royal family.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the defects of the modern mind created by the incessant reading of newspapers is the rapidity with which it forgets and its inability to draw sustained and balanced conclusions from the succession and mass of desiccated information it receives. It is that which accounts for the present popular belief, broadcast so freely by so many so-called intellectuals and "responsible" organs of popular opinions, that Britain is finished and has sunk to the rank of a second- or third-class Power whose only sensible and, indeed, honourable course is to emulate the course of a small country like Switzerland or Sweden and, while continuing to deplore evil and aggression, to desist from attempting to restrain them.

The withdrawal from the Middle East during the past decade, of which the events of the past few weeks have merely been the penultimate milestone, provides an illustration of what, since we are a democracy, inevitably follows from this state of public mind, or, rather, vacuum of mind. It is resulting in what is probably still the most stable national entity in the world failing to provide mankind with the good order and moral cement it so sorely needs in the revolutionary transformation through which it is passing. For what the world requires at the moment is not a ruler or rulers, but a policeman or policemen. When future historians look back on the disasters of our time, and possibly greater disasters to come, they may well decide that their prime cause was not the tyrannical upstarts who pulled the gunman's trigger—the Hitlers and Mussolinis and Stalins and Khrushchevs, and their petty satellites and imitators, the Nassers and Kadars—but the fact that John Bull went to sleep on his beat. Tired after two world wars, they may say, and cosseted by the comforts of the Welfare State, the old guardian of the world's peace dropped his truncheon, took off his massive boots and turned his face to the wall while the thugs made anarchy in the unguarded street behind him.

Human actions are governed not merely by external circumstances, but by the state of the human mind. If the substitution in the past half-century of the daily Press, with its incitement to rock 'n' roll, for the Bible with its injunction to watch and pray, has changed the mental attitude to world affairs of the British people, it must be responsible for changes, many of them disastrous and terrible, in the state of the world itself. In the nineteenth century the British attitude of mind, then a different one, was more responsible than any other single cause for the abolition throughout the greater part of the world of the atrocious evil of slavery and the slave trade. To-day, largely as a result of a change in our attitude of mind, slavery and slave trading are once more on the increase. In fifty years' time, if our present purposeless and defeatist attitude continues, they may well be re-established in all their traditional ferocity over the whole of the African and Asiatic realms over which Christian Britain and the armed forces of Britain for a brief century exercised her salutary and civilising functions. Nor, if Britain remains weak and purposeless, may their bounds be limited to the continents outside historic Christendom. They may invade Christendom itself, as in new forms they are already doing—partly as a result of the Western leaders' failure in moral purpose in the very hour of their victory in the Second World War—in the Slav-dominated lands beyond the Elbe. They may even one day invade Britain herself.

It is because I believe that our present defeatist attitude of mind is based on a fallacy that I so often recall on this page what happened in the years 1914-18 and 1939-46. In those ten years—a substantial part of the lifetime of every man and woman now alive in these islands—Britain showed herself to be a great Power more completely than at any time in her long history. What her sons achieved by their valour, endurance and social cohesion in those dreadful years of testing is proof positive that they can play, if called upon, the same part in resisting and overcoming evil to-day. We can be a great Power—a power for good—if we have the will to be, and dark and sinister powers will prevail on earth if we do not. In those years, in the words that Winston Churchill used on the day that the victorious German hordes reached the Channel, one bond united us all—the resolve "to wage war until Victory is won, and never to surrender ourselves to servitude and shame, whatever the cost and the agony may be." It was

Churchill's supreme service to this country that long before the rest of us were convinced of this, he realised it and sought to make us aware of it and, when what he had foreseen came to pass, did—and in time—make us realise it. Ours was not then the easy path of Sweden and Switzerland—a path natural enough for nations so circumstanced, but one that may easily and involuntarily become the enforced path of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, of Czechoslovakia, of Holland and Belgium—but the path of the Spartans at Thermopylae and that which the brave people of Hungary, against all odds and against the prudent advice of the golf-loving President of the United States, have, in the face of insupportable tyranny, taken at the cost of their lives. To be ready and able to stand up to what one believes to be wrong is the test of a great and good man; it is also the test of a great and good people and nation. "It has probably been a human tendency since time immemorable," Sir John Slessor has written in his wise book, "The Central Blue," "for men of an older generation to shake their heads over the follies of the younger, and to wonder what their country is coming to. In the early 'thirties some young gentlemen of Oxford University proclaimed that to fight for King and Country was a sentimental anachronism. . . . We need not have worried. I have seen at close quarters in my lifetime two of the most unbelievable manifestations of human courage and

endurance in the history of war—the infantry of 1914-1918 and the bomber crews of 1939-1945."\* That agony of the trenches, endured without flinching by a whole generation of Britons for four years, remains for many men of middle and old age the most unforgettable experience of life, unforgettable not so much for its unspeakable and sordid horror as for the capacity of human nature to survive and triumph over it. And having been privileged to see a little of some of the men who served in Bomber Command during the last war, I know what Sir John Slessor meant when he wrote:

Since the war a number of excellent films have conveyed some impression of what it meant to go out night after night from a darkened field in Lincolnshire into that cold inferno over Germany, but no one who has not lived with these men and seen them at their work can really understand the unique quality of their fortitude.†

There is a tendency to-day, just as there was a tendency after the first war to regard as useless the sacrifices of the P.B.I. in the Salient, and on the Somme, to decry the achievements of Bomber Command, yet without the fortitude and endurance of its air-crews in those nightly battles over Ruhr, Rhine and Berlin from 1940 to 1945, the command of the air would never have been won

and the same fate that in the end befell Germany from the avenging skies—the prelude and accompaniment that made the victory of the Allied armies possible—would have befallen us.

No: our people, our young men, like their fathers, have it in them to do great things and to be great, not in selfishness, but in selflessness and service for others. The red cross on England's shield of valour is not an anachronism. "We must not," said Winston Churchill in April 1939, "turn from the path of duty."

Why is it that from so many lands men look towards us to-day? It is certainly not because we have gained advantages in a race of armaments, or have scored a point by some deeply-planned diplomatic intrigue, or because we exhibit the blatancy and terrorism of ruthless power. It is because we stand on the side of the general need. In the British Empire we not only look out across the seas towards each other, but backwards to our own history, to Magna Charta, to Habeas Corpus, to the Petition of Right, to Trial by Jury, to the English Common Law and to Parliamentary Democracy. These are the milestones and monuments that mark the path along which the British race has marched to leadership and freedom. And over all this, uniting each Dominion with the other and uniting us all with our majestic past, is the golden circle of the Crown. What is within the circle? Not only the glory of an ancient unconquered people, but the hope, the sure hope, of a broadening life for hundreds of millions of men.‡

\* "The Central Blue," p. 366. By Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor. (Cassell.)

† *Idem*, p. 366.

‡ "Into Battle," p. 100. By W. Churchill. (Cassell.)

#### TREE-FELLING IN LONDON'S BIRDCAGE WALK.



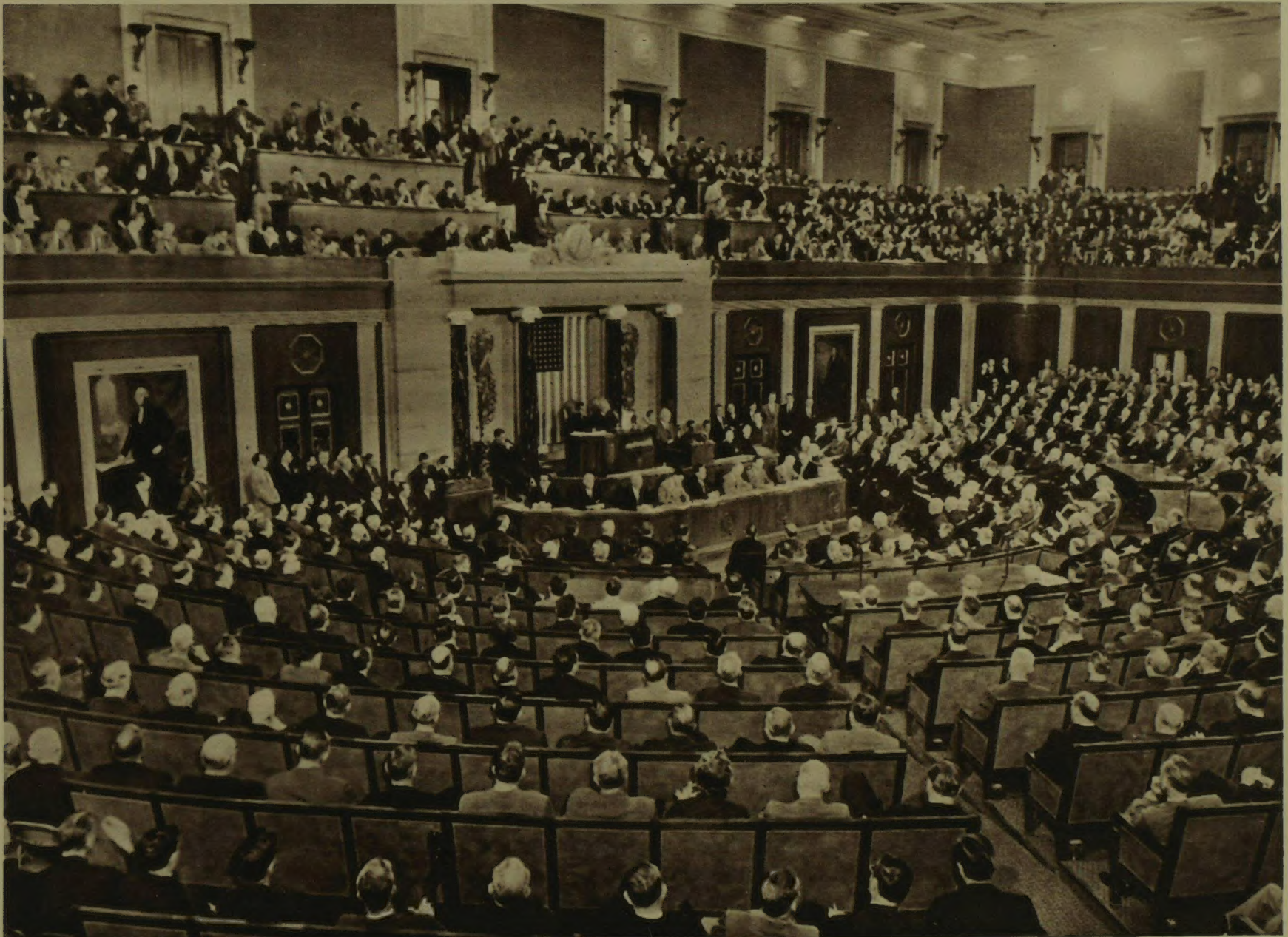
THINNING OUT THE PLANE TREES IN BIRDCAGE WALK: A TREE-TRUNK AND ROOT BEING DRAGGED INTO THE ROADWAY BY A MOBILE CRANE.

The New Year saw a sad sight in London's Birdcage Walk, which borders St. James's Park. Here men were busy felling alternate plane trees in the row of trees nearest the road. It was considered necessary that these trees should be removed so as to give the remaining ones more room to grow and a greater chance of obtaining light and nourishment. Some of the trees are being transplanted to other positions in Birdcage Walk, while the remainder are being removed completely. Plane trees in the Mall were "thinned out" last year when some ninety trees were removed.





ADDRESSING A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS ON JANUARY 5: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER MAKING HIS IMPORTANT STATEMENT ON MIDDLE EAST POLICY.



LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT'S OUTLINE OF HIS MIDDLE EAST POLICY: MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN JOINT SESSION.

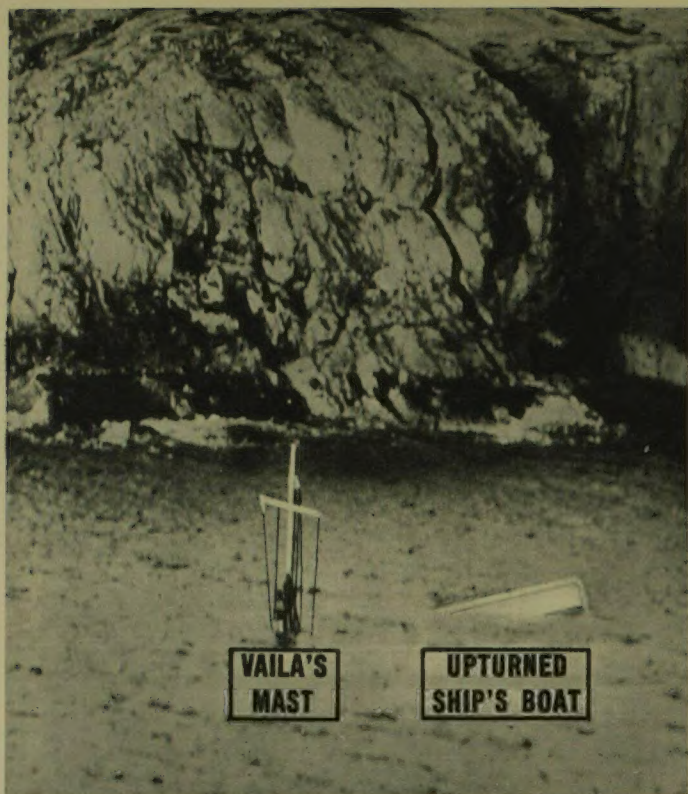
THE "EISENHOWER DOCTRINE" OUTLINED: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ADDRESSES CONGRESS ON HIS MIDDLE EASTERN POLICY.

On January 5 President Eisenhower, addressing a joint session of Congress, gave his special message on the Middle East. The importance of this statement had been somewhat diminished by the fact that many of its points had already been allowed to leak out in some detail. Thus it came as no surprise when the President asked Congress to consider granting authority for the use of United States armed forces in the Middle East "to secure and protect the territorial and political independence of such nations, requesting such aid, against overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism." The President also asked Congress to agree to the granting of economic assistance to individual countries

in the Middle East, and to authorise the undertaking of "programmes of military assistance and co-operation with any nation or group of nations which desire such aid." Speaking of the present instability in the Middle East President Eisenhower stated that it "had been heightened and, at times, manipulated by international Communism." He continued: "Russia's rulers have long sought to dominate the Middle East. That was true of the Tsars and it is true of the Bolsheviks. . . . The Soviet Union has nothing whatever to fear from the United States in the Middle East, or anywhere else in the world, so long as its rulers do not themselves first resort to aggression. This statement I make solemnly and emphatically."



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: SOME RECENT NEWS EVENTS IN BRITAIN; THE U.S. AND HOLLAND.



WHERE FIVE SEAMEN LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKED VESSEL *VAILA* AND THE SHIP'S LIFEBOAT WHICH CAPSIZED AS *VAILA* HEELED OVER OFF THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.

Early on January 6 the fishery protection vessel *Vaila* (470 tons) ran aground and sank off Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides. Fifteen men were saved after taking to the boats. One lifeboat capsized after being fouled as the *Vaila* heeled over: one man was saved but the other five were lost.



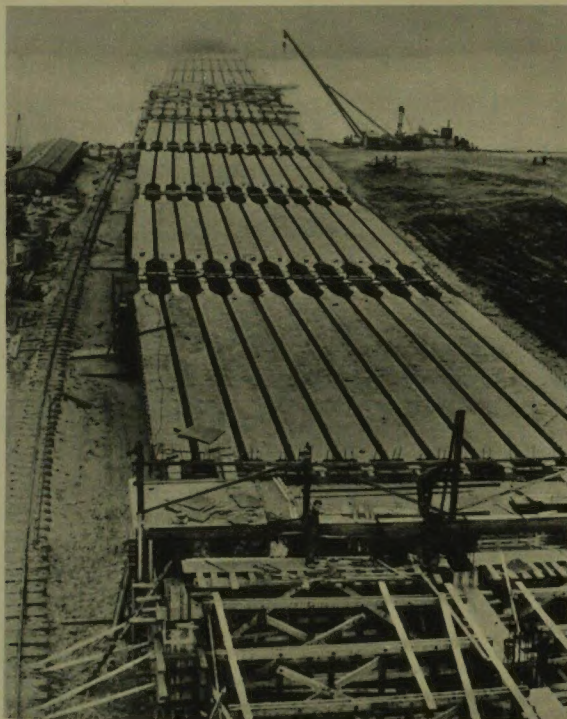
WHERE ONE DIED AND HUNDREDS HAD MIRACULOUS ESCAPES: THE SCENE NEAR WELWYN GARDEN CITY AFTER AN EXPRESS RAN INTO A LOCAL TRAIN.

One man was killed and about thirty injured when a London-bound express from Scotland ran into the back of a local train a mile south of Welwyn Garden City, on January 7. Over four hundred people were in the two trains and scores had astounding escapes. The engine and the first two coaches of the express toppled on to their sides. The last two coaches of the local train were derailed.



GUTTED BY FIRE: THE WRECKED AND BLACKENED INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

On New Year's Day a fire wrecked St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral at Hartford, Connecticut. Another Roman Catholic church, St. Patrick's, was severely damaged by fire on the previous day. Police suspected that both fires were arson, and ordered police protection for every church in the City.



NEAR AMSTERDAM: A GENERAL VIEW OF A NEW BRIDGE WHICH IS BEING CONSTRUCTED ACROSS THE IJSSSELMEER.

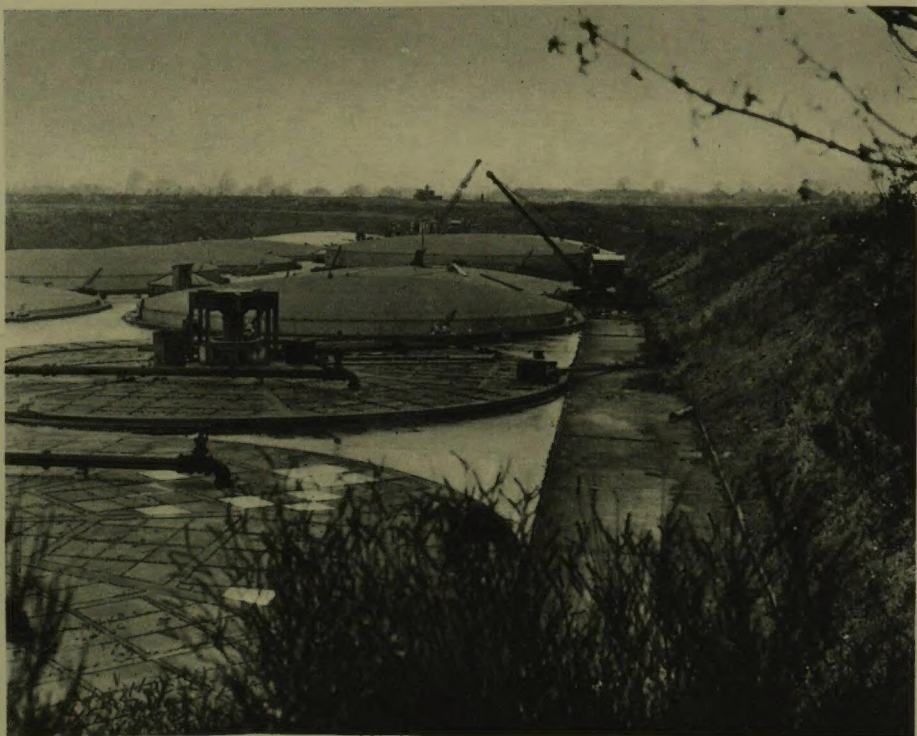
A large bridge, which will be called the Schellingwoude Bridge and will be 910 yards long, is being constructed across the IJsselmeer, near Amsterdam. It will carry a motor road and separate cycle track.



A VISUAL WEATHER FORECAST SERVICE IN MILWAUKEE: THE "FLAME," ON THE GAS LIGHT CO. BUILDING, WHICH GLOWS DIFFERENT COLOURS TO INDICATE DIFFERENT WEATHER FORECASTS.



WHERE THE PETROL SHORTAGE DOES NOT MATTER: AN ADAPTED CAR BEING FILLED WITH METHANE GAS PRODUCED AT ISLEWORTH SEWAGE WORKS.

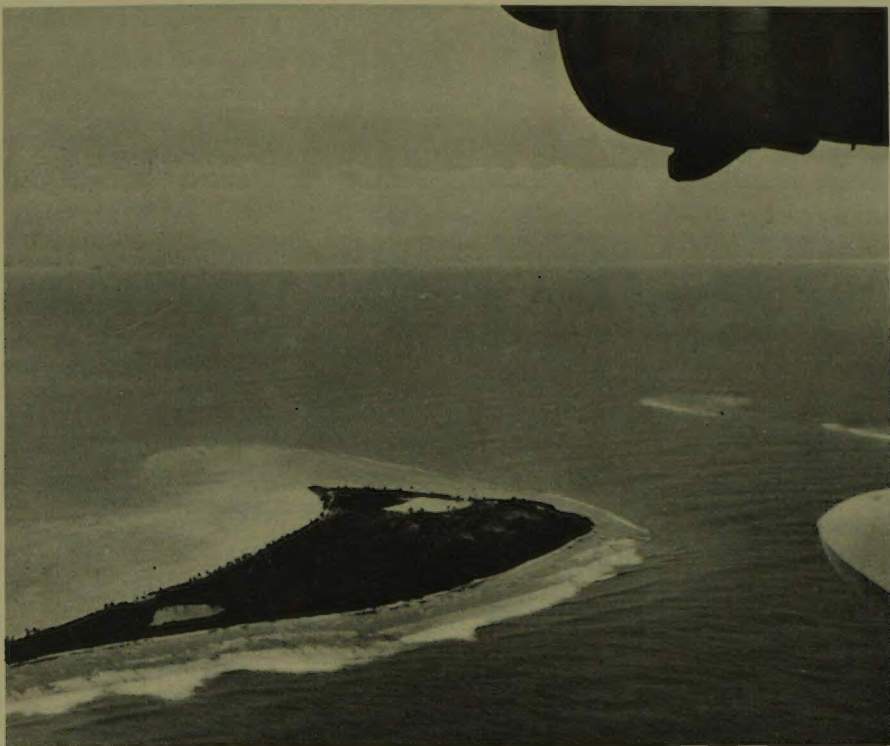


THE SEWAGE WORKS AT ISLEWORTH, WHERE ENOUGH METHANE IS PRODUCED TO RUN WORKS VEHICLES AND PRIVATE CARS.

One section of the community not affected by the petrol shortage is the staff of the sewage works at Isleworth, where enough methane gas is produced to run the works vehicles and private cars, and to provide the works with power, heating and lighting.



## AN INDIAN OCEAN BASE; A PARADE IN IRAQ AND A QUEBEC FIRE.



ANOTHER LINK WITH THE FAR EAST AND AUSTRALIA: ADDU ATOLL, IN THE MALDIVE ISLANDS, THE SITE OF AN IMPORTANT R.A.F. BASE. On January 3 it was announced that the wartime airfield on Gan, one of the Maldive Islands in the Indian Ocean, was to be re-established and operated, in accordance with the terms of the 1953 agreement with the Maldivian Govt. The airfield may prove to be a valuable link with the Far East and Australia should Britain be denied the use of facilities in Ceylon.



AN AIR VIEW OF THE R.A.F. CAMP ON THE CORAL REEF OF ADDU ATOLL, SITUATED ABOUT 400 MILES SOUTH-WEST OF CEYLON.



FIRE-FIGHTING IN COLD WEATHER: A FIREMAN AND HIS FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT COVERED IN ICE AT A RECENT QUEBEC FIRE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FIRE AT VALLEYFIELD, QUEBEC, WHICH DESTROYED SHOPS AND FLATS, RENDERING ABOUT 100 PEOPLE HOMELESS.

About 100 people were made homeless and about one million dollars' worth of damage was caused by a fire in the Valleyfield district of Quebec during the week-end of December 29-30. No loss of life was reported. Firemen were hindered by the extreme cold and by a strong wind which spread the flames. Twelve shops and thirty-six flats are said to have been wrecked.



BEFORE IRAQ'S ARMY DAY PARADE: MODERN AMERICAN-BUILT M-24 TANKS, MILITARY AID EQUIPMENT FROM THE U.S., LINED UP NEAR BAGHDAD.

On January 6 the thirty-sixth anniversary of the foundation of the Iraq Army was celebrated with a big military parade at Rashid camp, on the outskirts of Baghdad. It was an impressive display and was watched by King Faisal and more than 50,000 people.



AT RASHID CAMP, NEAR BAGHDAD: 8-IN. HOWITZERS, MILITARY AID EQUIPMENT FROM THE U.S., LINED UP FOR THE ARMY DAY PARADE.



## THE MONT BLANC TRAGEDY: HELICOPTER RESCUES FRUSTRATED, AND SUCCESSFUL.



AT THE VALLOT HUT, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC: THE SIX UNINJURED GUIDES AWAIT THE RETURN OF THE JET-ENGINE HELICOPTER WHICH TOOK THEM OFF ON JANUARY 3. THEY HAD BEEN MAROONED SINCE DECEMBER 31.



THE VALLOT HUT, AT 14,436 FT., WHERE THE MAROONED GUIDES SHELTERED AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE ATTEMPT TO GET THE TWO YOUNG MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS TO SHELTER. TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER.



THE RESCUE OF THE MAROONED GUIDES, SHOWING THE ALOUETTE JET-ENGINE HELICOPTER AT REST ON THE SNOW PLATFORM THE GUIDES HAD LEVELLED NEAR THE VALLOT HUT IN WHICH THEY HAD SHELTERED.



SERGEANT-MAJOR BLANC, THE CO-PILOT OF THE CRASHED HELICOPTER, HEAVILY BANDAGED, BEING CARRIED ON A MAN'S BACK TO THE CAB OF THE HELICOPTER. HE HAD PREVIOUSLY FALLEN INTO A CREVASSE.



THE HEAD OF THE HIGH MOUNTAIN MILITARY SCHOOL AT CHAMONIX, COMMANDANT LE GALL (RIGHT), LISTENS TO SOME OF THE RESCUED GUIDES TELLING THEIR STORY SOME HOURS AFTER THEIR RESCUE.



THE NOBLE REFUSAL OF A DARING OFFER: HENRY'S UNCLE (LEFT, BACK TO CAMERA) AND VINCENDON'S PARENTS (CENTRE) REFUSE TO ALLOW HERMANN GEIGER (RIGHT) TO RISK HIS LIFE IN A LAST ATTEMPT.

On December 22 a young Frenchman, Jean Vincendon, and his Belgian friend, François Henry, set out to climb Mt. Blanc. On Christmas night a storm developed and on December 27 the two climbers were seen through field-glasses near the Red Rocks at about 15,000 ft. On the next day a helicopter dropped supplies near them, but was unable to land because of bad weather. This was the day of the photograph on the opposite page. Thence the two climbers descended to the Grand Plateau and on December 31 a helicopter,

piloted by Major Santini and Sergeant-major Blanc, with two French mountain guides, made a rescue attempt but crashed near the two mountaineers. Four more guides were dropped later the same day by another helicopter, but were now in the same predicament as the two young mountaineers, though in much better shape. It was impossible to move these two and the guides made them as comfortable as possible in or near the wreckage of the helicopter and on January 1 the rescuers sought refuge in the Vallot hut, except for

[Continued opposite.]





THE FIRST CLOSE SIGHT OF THE TWO DOOMED MOUNTAINEERS: HENRY STANDING, VINCENDON LYING CRIPPLED BESIDE A CREVASSE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER WHICH DROPPED SUPPLIES ON DECEMBER 28.

*Continued.]*

Sergeant-major Blanc who, having been injured by a fall into a crevasse, was taken down to the lower Grand Mulets hut, where some guides who had climbed up under Lionel Terray's leadership were sheltering. These latter, however, returned the same day. In terrible weather conditions a helicopter rescue attempt on January 2 failed. On January 3, for the first time for some days, the weather over Mont Blanc was fine and two *Alouette* helicopters, which are jet-engined, were able to take off the eight guides who had been marooned since December 31. They first took off Major Santini and Sergeant-major Blanc, the former of whom was in fair condition though frostbitten, while the latter was much more seriously affected. The remaining six men

were then brought down from the hut where they had been sheltering. It was, however, impossible to land near the two young mountaineers, owing to the heavy and changed snow conditions, and it proved impossible to reach them without the co-operation of ground rescue parties. The French Secretary of Air this day flew over the site of the wrecked helicopter, as did the Swiss pilot, Hermann Geiger, who could see no signs of life. On returning to Chamonix he volunteered, however, to attempt to land a ski-fitted *Piper Cub* aircraft nearby. The parents of Vincendon and Henry, however, nobly refused to allow him to risk his life, as it was now certain that the two young men must certainly be dead, and all attempt at rescue must be abandoned.



TO Americans British methods of conducting matters of world policy appear conventional, hidebound, unimaginative, and timid. To us American methods often seem jerky, ill-prepared and rash. These impressions are natural in view of the temperament and traditions of the two nations, but they keep on producing surprises. Thus British opinion has been bewildered by the latest move of the President of the United States in the matter of the Middle East. The bewilderment has been caused not so much by the warning to Russia that further interference in the affairs of that part of the world would be at her own risk, as by the manner in which the new policy has been set on foot. Bewilderment over means does not necessarily involve disapproval of ends.

First of all, the project was allowed to leak out "in a big way," to use an expression now popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Leakages of this sort are not infrequently made nowadays, but in this case we find it hard to understand why every political commentator and foreign correspondent should have been given unofficially a detailed forecast of what was intended—a forecast, of course, equally available to Russia—before any official announcement had been made. Then, an element of drama was introduced, possibly for domestic reasons, which some Britons at least found unsuitable to the occasion. To them it seemed that the new Eisenhower policy was little more than a return to the old abandoned Dulles policy, with special reference to one area.

From two points of view grave inconsistencies are to be seen in the new policy. The first is a domestic affair. The elections were fought—and won, so far as the President himself was concerned—on a programme which might be described as that of standing back in world affairs, though it certainly involved no tampering with accepted commitments. The United States was to become something like an armed guardian of peace, keeping to a greater extent than before remote from small issues, not allowing itself to be involved in the quarrels of less well-balanced peoples, except by trying to mend them. Some change in this policy would have surprised no one in the face of recent events, but the abrupt change to a warlike attitude was startling.

The other inconsistency is that this attitude has so far not prevented the United States from assuming a positively deferential manner in dealing with Colonel Nasser. This has been illustrated in several ways, one of which only can be mentioned here. It is the manner in which the American salvage expert has behaved *vis-à-vis* the Colonel. Most curious of all is his reported statement that when he has cleared the Suez Canal he will inform Colonel Nasser that the job has been finished and leave the question of the reopening to him. One would think that the Canal was Nasser's private property. If it is, this is only because he has been allowed to get away with the breach of solemn treaties. If the United States desires an improvement in the Middle East it should not inflate this dictator's prestige.

I have begun by pointing out that it is no good bemoaning the difference in the approach of the two nations to matters such as Russian infiltration and mischief-making in the Middle East. In some

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### MR. EISENHOWER AND THE MIDDLE EAST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

instances it is even an advantage that this difference should exist. What I next have to say must be read in the light of that qualification. It is that the sober Briton is inclined to detect a positively dangerous clumsiness in the manner of making the announcement. To him it would have been far wiser to make a statement in diplomatic terms and let the journalists and others interpret them to the public *afterwards*, instead of telling them in advance the inner meaning and letting them startle the world with their version, in some cases crudely expressed.

the Middle East—notwithstanding the promise of aid which has been called the carrot in the policy—have been generally unfavourable. Those of Russia have been defiant. Despite the criticism which I am voicing, and which I believe to be pretty general in this country, the plan has had a better reception here than elsewhere.

If there was any whisper of such a policy during the elections, it came from the Democrats, and in particular from Mr. Adlai Stevenson, though he expressed it more guardedly and adroitly. It is a tribute to Eisenhower the man, as apart from Eisenhower the President, that, with Democratic majorities in both Houses, he should be able to appeal with such confidence to Congress for its support. The upshot will be apparent when this article is read, but it must go to press before the reception by Congress of the President's personal statement has been

announced. Congress seems to have been somewhat perturbed, but nobody dreams that it will reject the President's request for powers in the event of armed Russian intervention in the Middle East.

At least my representative sober Briton may be permitted a quiet smile. The President will be assuming powers which will be very much like those we asked him to assume about a year ago. He will be putting himself in a position to take action which might turn out to be similar to that taken by Britain and France and heartily condemned by him. It has been stated that one main reason for the new move is that Britain finds it "difficult" to exert the calming and controlling influence in the Middle East which was once hers. Exactly so, but it was chiefly the United States that prevented her from re-establishing that influence, at a moment when she was about to do so very effectively.

The United States, in fact, proposes to a large extent to take the position occupied by the United Kingdom in the Middle East until the other day. There is nothing to be gained by grumbling or reproaches. Things being as they are, this country must be glad to see the United States taking over this heavy and thankless responsibility. For us it has recently brought nothing but toil and trouble, heavy expense, black ingratitude, and treachery. The last positive service, and admittedly a very great one, we got out of the Middle East was the great chain of bases which served us and the free world so well in the Second World War. Yet we cannot disinterest ourselves in the oil supply, and if the United States desires our aid as a partner she will do well to bear that in mind and curb her "oil lobby" accordingly.

Thus, though we may have reservations about the mode of introducing the President's new policy, we ought to accept it gratefully and with the hope that it will prove a fresh shield to the cause of peace and a solvent of the endless bloody quarrels and the miseries of the refugees which have made much of it a festering sore for at least a decade. American energy and originality will

assuredly find all the scope needed to spur them to their greatest feats in their new field of action. We must also welcome the evidence that the United States is abandoning, as her own wisest sons hoped she would, the excessive absorption in her own prosperity which seemed to be swaddling her, and recalling the great services which no other nation can render to mankind.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF COMMUNIST CHINA IN INDIA: MR. CHOU EN-LAI (ON THE LEFT, IN DARK OVERCOAT) DURING HIS VISIT TO THE BHAKRA NANGAL HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT ON DECEMBER 30.



A NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY ON A TRAIN IN INDIA: MR. CHOU EN-LAI (LEFT) AND MR. NEHRU (CENTRE) ENJOYING THE FESTIVITIES DURING THEIR JOURNEY FROM NANGAL TO NEW DELHI.

Mr. Chou En-lai, Prime Minister of Communist China, arrived in New Delhi from East Pakistan on December 30 for a second series of talks with the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru. During this visit the two Prime Ministers inspected the site of the Bhakra Nangal hydro-electric project in the Punjab. Mr. Chou told Press correspondents that he had reluctantly had to postpone his visit to Nepal as he was curtailing his southern Asian tour, after visiting five countries, because of fatigue. He planned to return to Peking for a rest before going on to Moscow. He is expected to pay a third visit to India after his visits to Moscow and Warsaw.

The result has been that the warning to Russia, legitimate in itself, appears—still to the sober Briton—to have taken an unfortunately threatening shape. We are carried back to the atmosphere of some years ago when such threatening messages were bandied to and fro, an atmosphere from which we were hoping we had escaped. It is to be noted that the reactions of



## THE SAAR RETURNS TO GERMANY: A DAY OF RESERVED CELEBRATIONS.



AT THE SAARLAND CHIEF MINISTER'S RESIDENCE ON JANUARY 1: THE GERMAN AND THE NEW SAARLAND FLAGS (RIGHT) BEING HOISTED.



BEFORE THE CEREMONIAL HOISTING OF THE FLAGS: DR. NEY, THE SAARLAND CHIEF MINISTER, ADDRESSING THE GATHERING.



THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR IN SAARBRÜCKEN FOR THE CEREMONIES: DR. ADENAUER (FOREGROUND) INSPECTING A POLICE GUARD OF HONOUR



MIDNIGHT ON DECEMBER 31 IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT HOMBURG, IN THE SAARLAND: CROWDS CELEBRATING THE UNIFICATION OF THE SAAR WITH GERMANY.



THE FLOODLIT CITY HALL AT SAARBRÜCKEN: THE SCENE IN THE CAPITAL ON THE EVE OF THE SAAR'S UNIFICATION WITH WESTERN GERMANY.

1957 dawned with special significance for the Saarland, for the beginning of the New Year marked the return of the territory to Germany. After months, and indeed years of controversy, the Saar became politically part of the German Federal Republic. A referendum of October 1955 had overwhelmingly rejected the Statute by which the Saarland, with a population of just under a million, was to be made a "European" territory. This result was a definite victory for the pro-German parties in the area, and negotiations were put in hand between France and Western Germany for the return of the Saarland to the latter. After long, and often difficult

negotiations, the treaties for the incorporation of the Saar into the Federal Republic were finally signed by President Heuss on December 22. These treaties came into force on January 1, but, despite the presence of the German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, in Saarbrücken, the reception of this significant political step was reserved and restrained. This mood, the result of an effort not to hurt the feelings of the French, as well as of anxiety among the Saarlanders over the possible loss of benefits they had enjoyed under the French system of social security, dominated most of the celebrations throughout the territory.



## THE MOST FABULOUS OF GEMS.

"DIAMOND." By EMILY HAHN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TO our ancestors of not very long ago the word "diamond" conjured up only one set of images: India, the fabulous Court of the Great Moguls, and the Mines of Golconda. The youth of to-day, unless they are erudite in the Miltonic manner, have probably barely heard the resounding name of Golconda: diamonds to them imply South Africa.

Miss Hahn, although mainly concentrating on the history of the South African mines, does skirt beyond that. She describes to us the splendour of the Great Mogul, which was owned by Aurangzeb of the Peacock Throne, and became (as she maintains) the Koh-I-Noor, still a part of our Crown Regalia, and was ultimately cut, and murdered, in England, by amateurs, including the Prince Consort, because it wasn't conceivable that the Royal family should send a stone to be cut abroad. Miss Hahn glances at the history of other great Indian diamonds, some of them alleged to have been wrenched out of the eye-sockets of idols in temples. But her main theme is the diamond-industry of South Africa. She tells the history from its beginnings until the present day: and she concentrates on Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, the present King of it all. I haven't the pleasure of knowing him: but she does convince me that knowing him would be a pleasure. I won't elaborate on that. But I can say that this book, largely concerned with a real man whom one could wish to meet and admire, is more attractive to me than a lot of modern novels, the heroes of which I should not wish to meet and could not admire.

There is a very general belief that these big diamond-producers have great hoards of diamonds hidden away from the market in order that prices may be kept up. The notion was certainly present in the minds of both Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato (*née* Barnett Isaacs an East Ender who had appeared on "the Halls," been a boxing instructor, and all sorts of hawker) when they fought for the control of the

Diamond Empire, and ended with a merger. "As Chilvers, the historian of De Beers, put it: 'Rhodes always wanted diamond production equated with demand. New producers make this difficult.' Barnato, too, wanted production equated with demand, but as he saw it, it was Rhodes who made this difficult. . . . Production would soar, he said happily. This was so true that it scared Rhodes to death. Both mines would be producing hand over fist, and before they knew it the world would be flooded with diamonds and they would be ruined." Apparently Rhodes needn't have worried. For Miss Hahn, who, in South Africa, Antwerp and London, surveyed the whole diamond industry, from the mine, through the dealers, to the cutters and polishers, was almost pathetically assured that the belief that the companies had hoards was a mere myth. She suggested to a man (poor fellow) "if all the diamonds you've got were to be released?" "He moaned, interrupting me; he leaned forward and spoke carefully and loudly. 'They—are—being—released. As fast as we can get them out. We

can't keep up with the demand. As true as I'm here talking to you, we haven't any hoard hidden away. Just now we're selling every gem diamond we produce, and we could sell a lot more; we get requests for more every day.'"

In quantity the output of the diamond mines is mainly small industrial diamonds which, the diamond being the hardest known thing in the world, are being put to more and more grinding uses. But, when it comes to revenue, the gem diamonds hold the field. It is an old saying that as long as men like women, and as long as women like diamonds, there will be no flagging in the demand for diamonds. To adorn themselves with, that is. I remember that, years ago, I was walking through bare, late autumnal woods, with a woman friend of mine. There had been rain and the sun came out; every bough was hung with rain-drops, with the sun illuminating them. I said: "Look, aren't these as good as any necklaces of pearls or diamonds?" The answer was: "But you can't wear 'em." To which there was no reply.

The demand for gem diamonds has not merely kept up but increased of recent years. They are an extremely portable form in which wealth may be concentrated and carried about; they are not

when or where there will be another strike, or owing to what happy deductions from geological data it will be made? Or because of what accident: the whole great pyramid of part of the South African industry is based on the fact that a small child found a pebble and took it home because it looked so pretty. Who knows but that some child in the foothills of the Andes may not find another such pebble and joyously take it home, for her parents to swap it for a few Brummagen beads to a prospector who will return to become Chairman of the Anglo-American-

Andean Development Company, Limited and Inc. ? And who knows what new methods may be invented of detecting diamonds, or diamondiferous strata, below the upper soil? When I was young controversies were rife about the efficacy of the water-diviner's rod: some said that belief in it was superstitious, some that anyhow it worked. What is the Geiger-counter but a progeny of that? The physical scientists, who have achieved so much in our time, including the Atom Bomb, may well produce an instrument which is responsive to diamonds deep underground but allergic to any substance less dense. The Geo-Physical Year has just set in. Why shouldn't all these ultra-curious men go to look for diamonds in the Antarctic? I am

no geologist, but I think that it is likely, after all the turns and twists, and freezings and meltings and explosions that this oblate spheroid on which we dwell has gone through, that deep in the Arctic there may be diamonds galore: also rubies, emeralds, coal and oil. Pearls I think not: no sensible oyster would live in such a climate: but an oyster, however humble, is, as Lewis Carroll recognised, a person. I wander: but the book tempts me to wander. It could hardly survive as literature, for it hasn't been thought of as that. But Miss Hahn is excited about the history of digging, of marketing, of cutting and of ultimate disposal and, for the moment, I have been infected by her enthusiasm. She has taken me to South Africa; to the Jewish market in Antwerp, to cutting (all the processes most fascinatingly described) in back-street sheds in London, and, in fact, all the way from the shafts and tunnels where the Negroes, carefully compounded and searched, work in South Africa, to the resplendent trays in Bond Street windows, where the luscious produce of the mines lies on pillows of silk or tawny velvet.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 82 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS EMILY HAHN.

Miss Emily Hahn was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and was educated at the University of Wisconsin and later (from 1934-35) at Oxford University. She took a degree in Mining Engineering. Apart from her work as a mining engineer, Miss Hahn has written a number of books including "China A to Z", and "Raffles of Singapore." She is married to Sir Charles Boxer, who is Camoens Professor of Portuguese History at King's College, London University.

Photograph by Henry Ries.



A section from a forthcoming drawing "North-East Scotland Two Hundred Million Years Ago"; by Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.

## TO OUR READERS

IN this issue we publish the first in a series of weekly drawings by Mr. Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., under the general title "Nature's Wonderland."

These large double-page drawings, illustrating some of the fascinating and lesser-known aspects of the animal world, can not fail to be of interest to both teacher and student of natural history as well as to the general reader of *The Illustrated London News*.

The subject chosen by Mr. Parker to open the series is the noisy ocean, a phenomenon

finally revealed to mankind during the last war by an acoustic mine! Among other subjects in the series are:—"Animal Home-builders"; "Parasites and Commensals"; "Extinct and Rare Animals"; "North-East Scotland Two Hundred Million Years Ago"; and "Animal Nouns of Assembly."

To ensure obtaining the complete series readers should place an order with any bookstall manager or newsagent or write to the Publisher, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

subject to the hazard of fire, like Old Masters, or the hazard of nationalisation, like lands and houses; Miss Hahn found the officials at the great London Clearing-House stricken with awe at the rate at which their turn-over of money has increased. Our fathers would have expected an early exhaustion of the supply. So convinced were they that no more deposits of diamonds were to be found, that, when the South African mines were already in considerable production, reputable English papers were still openly suggesting that all the diamonds that came out of South Africa had been brought from elsewhere and "salted" by unscrupulous promoters. All that is now changed. Just as new oilfields are being found all over the place from (in a modest way) England to the Sahara, so, in our own time we have—what with East Africa, South-West Africa and Sierra Leone (a paradise for private diggers and "operators")—seen field after field opened up. Is there any reason to suppose that there are not still any number of fields to be discovered with enough sparkling crystals to adorn the necks and bosoms of Commissars' wives for many generations to come? Igneous rocks are no private perquisite of Africa, or of a few districts in Africa. Who can tell

\* "Diamond." By Emily Hahn. Illustrated. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 18s.)





WAITING TO WELCOME THE NEW YEAR: CROWDS IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS WHO DEFIED THE RAIN TO GREET 1957 IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER.



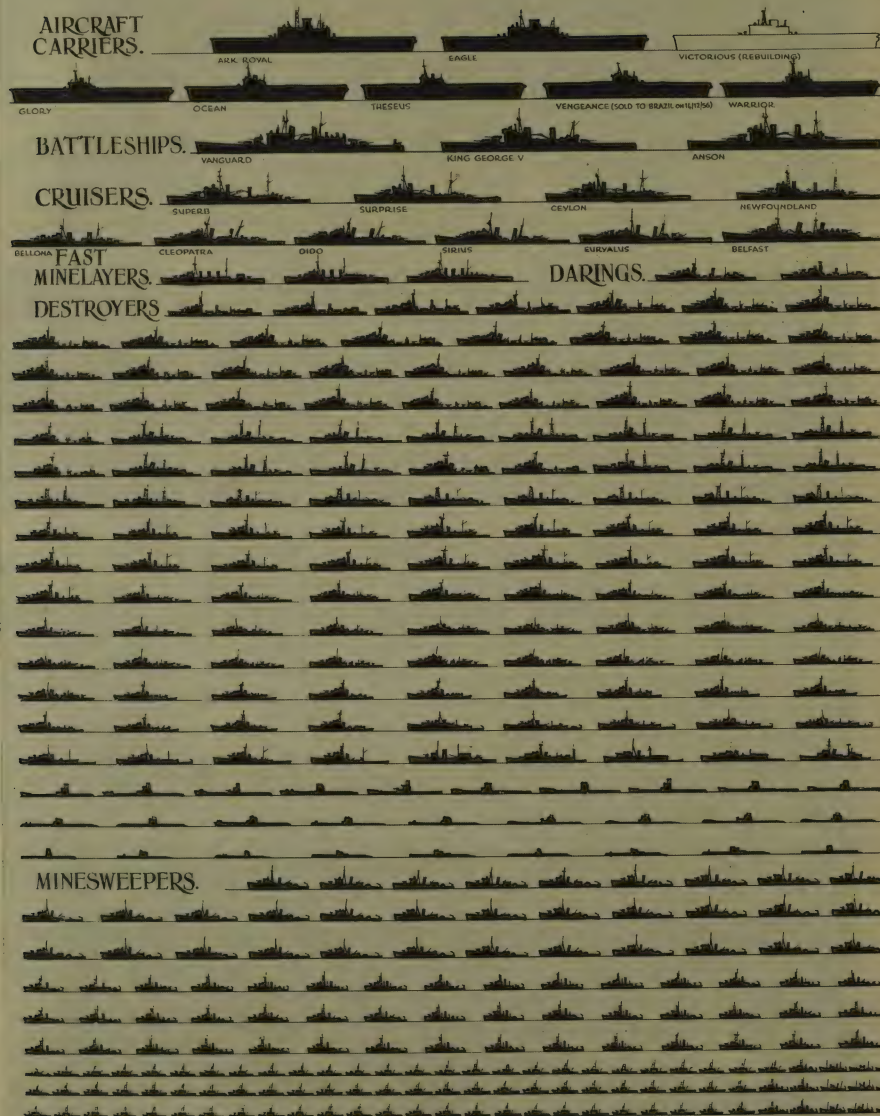
AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL—OF WHICH THE THEME WAS "PRIMAVERA"—ART STUDENTS FLING DOWN STREAMERS ON THE DANCERS BELOW.

#### LONDON GREETES THE NEW YEAR: CROWDS IN PICCADILLY; AND REVELLERS AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL.

Despite a cold and rainy evening, London welcomed the New Year in the traditional manner. The absence of late buses, owing to the petrol shortage, did not deter thousands of merrymakers in the West End. The strains of Rock 'n' Roll were heard in Trafalgar Square, where many people danced and sang as midnight approached. Although the usual hoarding was erected around Eros, in Piccadilly Circus, as a precaution, it was stated that revellers are not as gay as they once were, and it is no longer considered necessary to grease the first 6 ft. of lamp-posts to prevent them being climbed. London's most striking celebration of the New Year

was, however, as always, the Chelsea Arts Ball; and here the damp and dismal weather outside was challenged with the theme of Spring; and the great backcloth, one of the best in memory and the work of A. R. Thomson, R.A., showed a ravishing Primavera floating in the spring air before a Greek pediment with a Falstaffian Silenus in attendance. Some 4000 dancers in fancy-dress, more or less related to Spring, kept up the revelry until 5 a.m.; and a series of engaging floats by various art schools were, as usual, the centrepieces of battles between the stewards and rival art students, and some, indeed, failed to reach the arena.



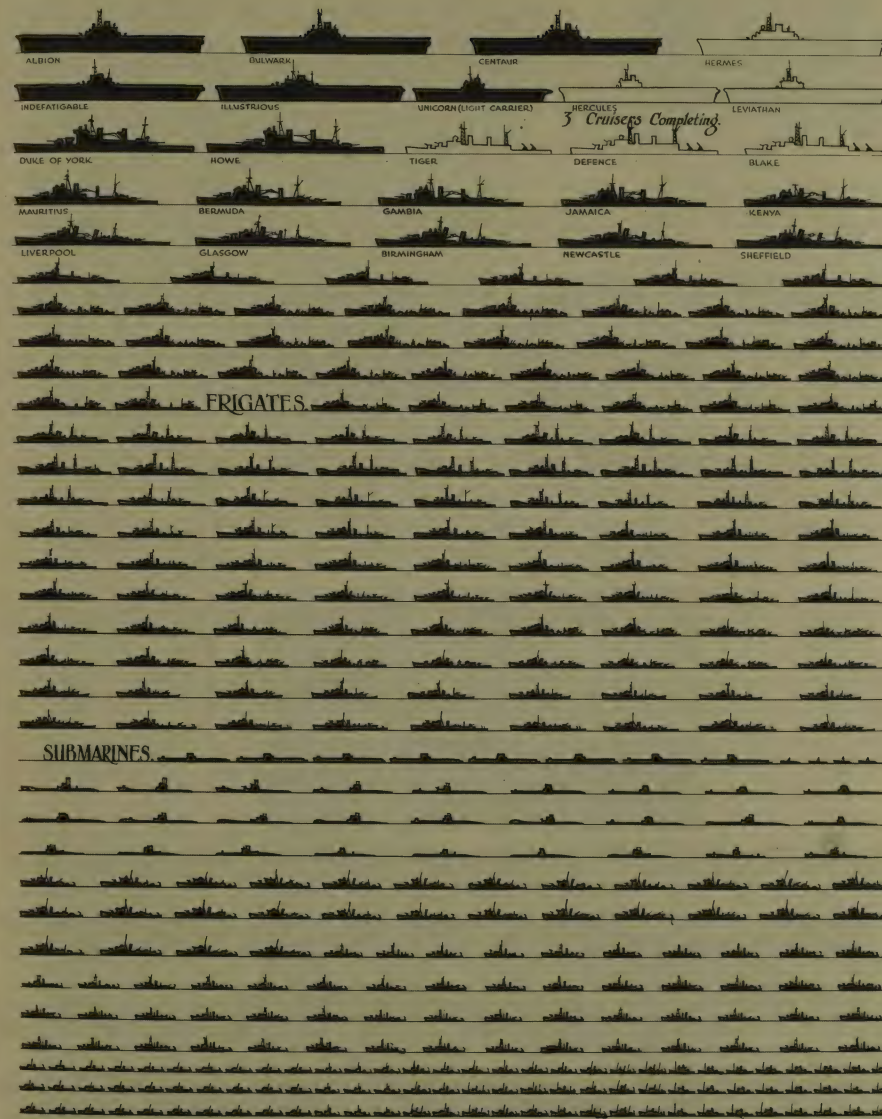


## BRITISH NAVAL POWER: SILHOUETTES OF THE LEADING CLASSES OF SHIPS

At a Press conference in London on December 10, Admiral Jerauld S. Wright, Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, made some important statements about the balance of naval power in the world to-day. He said there would be "terrific confusion" in his command if war broke out suddenly, as no forces were at his disposal until "the alert was given. Forces are in many cases deployed all over the world. . . ." He said that Russia, now the greatest naval power in the world after the U.S.A., had a fleet of some 400 submarines—described as perhaps more than those of the rest of the world put together—and that they were producing about eighty a year. He thought, however, that

this obvious threat to the transatlantic communications of the N.A.T.O. Powers could be given "a pretty rough time." The Soviet Union has, since the end of the last war, built more cruisers and more destroyers than all the other nations combined, but Admiral Wright thought this threat could be met by existing N.A.T.O. surface ships. The United States Navy is planning almost all its new constructions round the atomic weapon, atomic propulsion, and the "guided missile jet aircraft weapon"; the United States part of the N.A.T.O. fleet had "atomic capability," and this formed a substantial part of its deterrent power. It was not known whether Russia had as yet built

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. W. E. RICHARDSON.



## BOTH FOR DEFENCE AND ATTACK, OF THE ROYAL NAVY OF TO-DAY.

an atomic-powered submarine like the U.S. *Nautilus*. Whereas, since the war, the United States has concentrated on producing aircraft-carriers and Russia on submarines, cruisers and destroyers, Great Britain has concentrated chiefly on building "new frigates, the conversion of Second World War destroyers into fast anti-submarine frigates, and the building of a large number of wooden coastal minesweepers, inshore minesweepers and fast patrol boats." The Royal Navy has not, at present, any atomic-powered ship, but the Admiralty has ordered an atomic-powered submarine. The only British guided weapons ship is the experimental *Girdle Ness*, but in the 1956-57 Navy Estimates it

is stated that the design of a new type of cruiser with guided missile is going forward. Four fleet escorts with a guided weapon are being designed. An important part of the Royal Navy programme is to build up a force of ships to support the Fleet at sea, and thus diminish the need of continual support from vulnerable shore bases. Ships are to be modernised to maintain escorts and minesweepers, the light fleet carrier *Triumph* is to become a heavy repair ship and the carrier *Perseus* a submarine parent ship, and a new store issuing ship is to be brought into service. (On December 14 the aircraft-carrier *Vengeance* was sold to Brazil.)

NEWS BY C. W. E. RICHARDSON.





IN 1880, if my information is correct, beer cost 2d. a quart, a working-man could buy a serviceable pair of boots for from 3s. to 6s., according to quality, a modest house could be built from £200 to £400, and the annual purchase grant provided by the Mother of Parliaments for the National Gallery was £10,000. At that time, be it noted, there were large numbers of paintings by great masters in private hands, both in this country and in Western Europe, and practically no competition from across the Atlantic; when anything out of the ordinary came on the market which the Trustees at Trafalgar Square considered desirable it could probably be acquired for a thousand or two. In 1957 beer costs I forget what, boots change hands for their weight in gold or thereabouts, the house that was built for £500 now sells for £3000, and the annual purchase grant provided by the Mother of Parliaments for the National Gallery is £12,500. It is an extraordinary state of affairs, made yet more absurd by the high prices obtained in the international market for any painting of outstanding quality. The layman, not involved in these high matters, may perhaps be forgiven if he comes to the conclusion that successive Governments suspect Director and Trustees of a childish desire to fritter away the taxpayers' money upon rubbish, and therefore insist that when, after careful consideration, they decide that such and such a painting ought to belong to the nation, they shall make out a special case for its purchase. That gives them no freedom of manoeuvre, no opportunity for quiet negotiation, and, by the time the deal has been done, is likely to result in the country paying more than it should.

To put the point in another way, as is done by the Trustees in their report,\* in 1880 the annual purchase grant was 100,000th of the national money income; to-day it is less than 1,000,000th, and they ask that the £12,500 shall be increased to at least £80,000. It seems a modest enough ambition and, considering with what open-handed enthusiasm politicians so often lavish millions upon curious extravagancies, it will surely be difficult to invent adequate reasons for refusal. At the same time the position has been made a little easier by the Finance Act of 1956, whereby objects of "outstanding æsthetic or historic interest" can be accepted by the Inland Revenue in discharge of death duties, and the Trustees pay tribute to the courage and imagination which allowed these clauses to be introduced.

The main bulk of the report deals with day-to-day administration, the reconstruction of the building (ten years and more after the war, bomb damage has not yet been wholly repaired), plans for the future, acquisitions and the conservation and scientific department. A whole page photograph is given to the restaurant: Here I register a personal protest. Once upon a time the restaurant walls were cream and upon them were hung a series of enchanting cassone panels. You now look at colour prints of the pictures you can see in the flesh, as it were,

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY; AND MUSEUM CONSERVATION.

upstairs and the panels are presumably in the storeroom. To my mind you go to the Gallery to see original paintings, not prints. But it's worse than that: the prints are shown against the most distracting wallpaper, patterned in green and white, nicely calculated to kill the prints.

Protests have been made from time to time during the past hundred years and more about the cleaning of paintings in the National collection, the most recent of them by Mr. Pietro Annigoni. So highly technical a problem is liable to develop into a free-for-all controversy in which emotions take precedence over reason, and I have

vociferous critics to consider carefully the extremely lucid, factual and fascinating analysis in the report of the work carried out recently, particularly those pages dealing with the Botticelli "Adoration." This was not just a question of restoration; it was an operation *in extremis*, for the painting was disintegrating. By comparison, the cleaning of the "Magdalen Reading," by Van der Weyden, which revealed a delightful background, and the removal of the overpaint put on by early restorers in Rembrandt's "Margaretha Trip" were almost simple.

This brings me to a formidable but no less fascinating work by Dr. Plenderleith, of the British Museum, whose experience of the conservation of every kind of antiquity in the Museum's laboratory must be unique.† (He is, incidentally, Chairman of the Honorary Scientific Advisory Committee to the National Gallery.) The book deals with everything from gold and enamel objects, found at Ur of the Chaldees, to prints and drawings, glass and ivory, the Elgin marbles and Toledo blades; moreover, it explains why such and such a treatment is necessary and exactly how it can be carried out. I know no other at once so comprehensive and so practical; not that the average owner of a particular object requiring attention would care to undertake any major work himself—he will have neither the skill nor the sometimes elaborate apparatus required, but at least he will be prevented from indulging in foolish experiments.

I turn the pages at random and find this: "The most perfect examples of the armourers' craft in existence are, without question, Japanese swords, and if these become spotted with rust, the use of tools or of etching or abrasive materials in an effort to remove the rust does more harm than good. All that can be done is to try to minimise the disfigurement caused by the dark spots of rust on the mirror-like surface of the steel by alternate applications of kerosene and lanolin, and by rubbing with silk or a Selvyt cloth." I quote this passage as one of dozens of ordinary know-hows useful to the most casual amateur and must refer you to the book itself for a detailed exposition of the more difficult and complicated processes. The photographs include many of the major triumphs of conservation and restoration of recent years—impressive tributes to skill and patience—such as the first-century A.D. Emesa helmet, the ninth-century B.C. ivory plaque from Nimrud and a Guardi water-colour—and, *à propos* of marble, a truly horrifying pair of photographs, the one of a plaster cast of a sculpture from the West Frieze of the Parthenon, made in 1802, when the originals were first brought to England by Lord Elgin, the other of the marble taken 136 years later—that is, in 1938. As Dr. Plenderleith says, "the photographs show that, in what may be called the industrial age, the modelling has everywhere lost the sharpness, facial expressions have changed, and whole features have gone for ever, due not to the fault of anyone, but to the variety of causes that we know collectively as weathering." It is to be hoped that the modern methods of conservation at the British Museum, for which the author has been largely responsible, will be receiving their due meed of praise 136 years hence.



THE EMESA HELMET (FIRST CENTURY A.D.): AS RECEIVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM LABORATORY AND (RIGHT) AFTER TREATMENT AND RECONSTRUCTION. ONE OF THE STRIKING EXAMPLES OF MODERN RESTORATION WORK GIVEN IN HIS BOOK BY DR. PLENDERLEITH, WHO IS KEEPER OF THE RESEARCH LABORATORY, BRITISH MUSEUM. A COLOUR PLATE APPEARED IN OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 27, 1955.



BEFORE (TOP) AND AFTER TREATMENT: A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY GIACOMO GUARDI WHICH WAS STAINED DUE TO THE ACTION OF SULPHUR COMPOUNDS ON WHITE LEAD, AND WAS TREATED WITH HYDROGEN PEROXIDE. THIS IS ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING ILLUSTRATIONS IN "THE CONSERVATION OF ANTIQUITIES AND WORKS OF ART," BY DR. H. J. PLENDERLEITH. THIS BOOK IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

These illustrations from the book "The Conservation of Antiquities and Works of Art" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, the Oxford University Press.

met more than one person who can be enticed into incoherence when the subject is raised. While I believe it is true to assert that Sir Philip Hendy and his staff venture a good deal further than most of their opposite numbers in the great European galleries consider desirable, I would ask his more

author has been largely responsible, will be receiving their due meed of praise 136 years hence.

\* "The National Gallery; January 1955-June 1956." With 5 Colour Plates and 8 in Black and White. (The National Gallery Publications Department; 12s. 6d.)

† "The Conservation of Antiquities and Works of Art." By Dr. H. J. Plenderleith. With a Colour Frontispiece, 55 Plates and 12 Figures. (Oxford University Press; 63s.)



## THE WORK OF CURT HERRMANN: A CURRENT EXHIBITION AT BRISTOL.



(Left.)  
"THE OLD TIMBER  
BRIDGE, PRETZFELD  
—c. 1904," BY CURT  
HERRMANN (1854-  
1929): A MAJOR WORK  
OF THIS GERMAN  
ARTIST'S NEO-IMPRES-  
SIONIST PERIOD IN  
THE OPENING YEARS  
OF THIS CENTURY.  
(Oil on canvas; 27½ by  
39 ins.)



(Right.)  
"SELF-PORTRAIT AT  
THE AGE OF SIXTY—  
1914." THIS EXHIBI-  
TION OF THE WORK  
OF CURT HERRMANN  
CONTINUES AT THE  
CITY ART GALLERY,  
BRISTOL, UNTIL  
FEBRUARY 2. (Oil on  
canvas; 24½ by 19½ ins.)



"BRISSAGO": ONE OF A SERIES OF COLOURFUL LANDSCAPE  
STUDIES WHICH CURT HERRMANN PAINTED IN ITALY IN 1912.  
(Oil on board; 12½ by 9½ ins.)



"LADY WITH A FAN—1886": IN THE SECTION OF THE  
EXHIBITION ILLUSTRATING HERRMANN'S EARLY WORK.  
(Oil on panel; 10½ by 7½ ins.)



"LOCK GATES, BERLIN, IN WINTER—1920": ONE OF THE  
VIVID SNOW SCENES WHICH CURT HERRMANN LOVED TO PAINT.  
(Oil on canvas; 31½ by 26 ins.)



"IN THE PARK, PRETZFELD—1920." THE ARTIST FOUND CONSTANT INSPIRATION IN THE  
LOVELY SURROUNDINGS OF HIS HOME IN UPPER FRANCONIA. (Oil on canvas; 26½ by 34½ ins.)



"JAPANESE GOLDEN PHEASANT—1917": A BRILLIANT PAINTING OF ONE OF THE COLOURFUL  
EXOTIC BIRDS WHICH FEATURE IN MUCH OF HIS STILL-LIFE WORK. (Oil on canvas; 18 by 24 ins.)

The exhibition of the work of Curt Herrmann (1854-1929) at Bristol, which continues at the City Art Gallery until February 2, is the third exhibition of this German artist's work to be shown in England. It has been preceded by an exhibition at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, in July 1955, and one at the Matthiesen Gallery in London last March. Curt Herrmann studied under Karl Steffek in Berlin and later at the Academy in Munich. By the 1890's he had established a considerable reputation as a skilful, if somewhat traditional portrait painter, but then, when already over forty years old,

he gave up this successful career in order to devote himself to an entirely different style of painting, that of Neo-Impressionism, of which he became Germany's most outstanding exponent. From the precise methods of pointillism he developed his own freer and highly individual style, in which he combined powerful line and composition with a wide command of colour. This exhibition illustrates his development, and includes some striking water-colours. Towards the end of his life Curt Herrmann had achieved widespread recognition in Germany, where a series of centenary exhibitions was held.





NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 1. SOME INHABITANTS OF THE NOISY OCEAN WHICH WAS THOUGHT TO BE SILENT UNTIL AN ACOUSTIC MINE FINALLY EXPLODED THE MYTH.

It took an acoustician finally to explode a myth, the myth of the silent oceans. This happened as recently as World War II despite the fact that side by side with the persistence of the idea—that the inhabitants of the seas swam in a world of perpetual silence—we had an accumulation of facts which should have dispelled the idea. The building up of the evidence has gone on for at least 2000 years but, as has so often happened, the needs of war, coupled with the needs of science, have been the driving force. In the case of the oceans it is in this instance with rapid advances in other scientific fields, such as physics and chemistry, that the oceans have been inhabited by vast legions of invertebrate animals which include the plankton, sponges and corals, worms, starfishes and sea-urchins, shellfish, cuttle and squid. All these are voiceless, although some, such as the snapping shrimps, are capable of producing noises

by other means. The two other groups of marine animals are the fishes and the whales. The first of these we should expect to be voiceless since a true larynx does not appear in the animal kingdom until we have ascended the scale as far as the frogs and toads. As to the whales, it was largely assumed that they made little or no use of the voice even while it could be shown by anatomical examination that they possessed a larynx. Going back in history, however, we find that the whale was long known to be a noisy animal, its sound audible to men in ships, and there is a high probability that the legend of the sirens luring mariners to their doom was founded upon such sounds. Later, whalers nicknamed the white whales "sea-canaries" because they were said to whistle. These are not isolated instances, however, as is shown

by the names given to fishes, such as morsters, croakers, drum-fishes, and so on. In his "History of Fishes," J. R. Norman, writing in 1931, brought together the then known information on sounds made by fishes, showing the wide variety of noises produced. It was in 1942, however, that both the Japanese and U.S. Navies were puzzled by certain under-water sounds. The Americans had produced an acoustic mine for use against Japanese ships but their submarines reported mysterious underwater sounds in the Pacific which might be a long train of research with the result that to-day we know far more about the sounds fishes can make. These are made by moving the bones of the pelvic fins, or of the gill-covers, upon each other, or by grinding

the teeth, but the loudest are caused by the use of special muscles, often in conjunction with movements of bones of the spine, with the swim-bladder acting as a resonator. Much of the research involves the use of underwater microphones, and these have also been largely employed to record the many sounds made by whales, some of which are beyond the range of human hearing. There is a distinct likelihood that some of these sounds, whether used by fishes or whales, function as a form of echo-location, for keeping track of animals the same way as bats do in the case of insects. The same is true of animals that live in the depths, where the sound of the swim-bladder is useless. In Captain Cousteau's remarkable film, "The Silent World" the audience does not hear any sounds made by the animals which inhabit the depths but a verbal description of some of these noises is given in the sound-track.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON



## WHERE HERCULES SLEW THE HYDRA: A NEOLITHIC SCULPTURE OF "CLASSIC" BEAUTY; AND THE RELICS OF SOME 2500 YEARS FROM PELOPONNESIAN LERNA.

By JOHN L. CASKEY, Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

The excavations at this site have been conducted annually by the American School since 1952 and preliminary reports have appeared each year in "*Hesperia*," the journal of the School, and in "*Archæology*." The excavation reached its concluding stage in 1956; and Dr. Caskey here describes many aspects of Lerna, a settlement whose beginnings were as remote in time from Pericles as Pericles is from us.

ABOUT six miles south of Argos, and straight across the gulf from Nauplia, the rich coastal plain is narrowed by a spur, Mt. Pontinos, that projects eastward from the Arcadian chain and reaches almost to the water's edge. The cold, clear spring of Lerna flows from the foot of this mountain, creating a small marshy area. Here were the legendary haunts of the many-headed Hydra that terrorised the district until slain by Hercules.

The natural advantages of the place had attracted settlers early in the Neolithic period and habitation continued throughout the Bronze Age

The succeeding phase, marked by habitation deposits over 5 ft. in thickness, belongs also to the Neolithic period but shows distinct differences from its precursor. Abundant remains of houses with small rectangular rooms are found in these strata. The walls were of clay or crude brick, resting on stone foundation courses. No fewer than eight successive building levels could be distinguished. The pottery, furthermore, is of a new sort. Cups, bowls and jars (Fig. 11) have thin walls and are well fired, their surfaces being coated with a red slip or, more frequently, with reddish or blackish lustrous glaze. In many instances a part of the ground was left plain as a field for decorative linear patterns. Tools and ornaments are made of stone and bone.

The most striking single object recovered (Fig. 5) from this upper Neolithic level is a terracotta statuette, originally 8 to 9 ins. high, of a standing nude woman. The head and part of the right leg are missing and much of the fine red burnished surface has been worn off, but the charm and elegance of this little lady are scarcely diminished (Figs. 3 and 4). It is a figure of youthful maturity, full without heaviness, gracefully natural in its pose. The shoulders are rounded, the arms cross lightly over the body below the breasts; waist and hips and, most particularly, the planes and curves and transitions of the lower back are rendered with skill and sensitivity. The legs, in contrast, are schematised as solid tapering pedestals without articulation. One wonders how much attention the sculptor paid to the head and the features of the face. Whoever he may have

The culminating architectural achievement was a truly monumental building, some 83 ft. long and nearly 40 ft. wide, at least two storeys high and having a well-organised internal plan (Fig. 2). Its roof was covered with plain rectangular terracotta slabs, many thousands of which were found in the ruins. Hence the excavators have called it the House of the Tiles. The great conflagration in which it was destroyed, perhaps after no long period of occupation, hardened and so helped to preserve the clay-brick walls and their plaster coatings. The principal façade was on the east, where a broad doorway gave access to an ante-room and thence to a large rectangular hall. This communicated with three other rooms in the main axis of the building and with corridors running along the north and south sides. There was a door on the west, and a flight of steps from the square inner room led to the upper storey. A separate entrance to the upper apartments was provided by another door on the north, where a staircase ascended directly from the vestibule. Small chambers opening only to the outside were divided off at the north-west corner and at the centre of the south side. In the latter were found masses of burnt debris containing pottery and many clay sealings (Figs. 18 and 20) that had fastened the mouths of jars and secured the cords on wooden and wicker cases. These objects had evidently fallen from above when the house was burned.

The House of the Tiles may well have been an administrative centre, the palace of a king or governor; we have no knowledge of political organisation in the Early Helladic period, nor of any contemporary buildings of comparable size except the great round structure that lies inaccessible under the Mycenæan megaron at Tiryns, not far away. Whatever secular function it may have served, the House of the Tiles almost certainly had religious associations also. After the fire, the mass of fallen ruins was deliberately and artificially shaped into a low convex tumulus, which was then covered with gravel and bordered by a circle of smooth, rounded stones. This ring, about 62 ft. in diameter, was accurately centred over the remains of the house in a manner requiring more than a casual application of practical geometry. For a generation or two thereafter no new buildings encroached upon the ground that was thus set off as hallowed or accursed.

The next phase belongs also to the Early Bronze Age but shows a different character. The houses were small, apparently isolated dwellings, made up



FIG. 1. WHERE HERCULES SLEW THE HYDRA; AND AN AERIAL RECORD OF 5000 YEARS OF HUMAN ACTIVITY. THE MOUND AT LERNA, SIX MILES SOUTH OF ARGOS, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

This photograph was taken after the 1954 excavations. The three circular pits are modern and are indeed gun emplacements of the Second World War; and the long trench beyond, running obliquely to the shore, is a tank trap of the same period. In the central polygonal excavation can be seen the House of Tiles (see Fig. 2). In the foreground is an orchard covering the northern part of the site.

and into Classical times. With successive destructions and rebuildings a mound of debris accumulated gradually, preserving evidence of the settlements in stratified sequence. Many of the topmost layers were subsequently lost by erosion and cultivation, but the most ancient remained intact and relatively accessible.

After these facts had been ascertained by observation of the surface and preliminary soundings, sections of the mound were excavated systematically in the annual campaigns. Even now, scarcely one-seventh of the main body of the site has been explored, and the deepest layers have been tested over much smaller areas, but many characteristic buildings of the successive periods have come to light and vast amounts of pottery and other objects have been collected. Some of the principal discoveries may be described here briefly.

The Neolithic period, very imperfectly known from previous researches in the Argolid, is represented by remains of an extensive settlement at Lerna. Strata assignable to an early phase, totalling fully 6 ft. in depth, are found above virgin soil. They contain pottery of simple types, fairly thick but well burnished and pleasing in their mottled surfaces, grey, brown, red and buff, the so-called "Variegated" or "Rainbow" ware. Houses of this phase have not yet been discovered; perhaps they are to be sought nearer the centre of the site (our principal investigation was on the southern flank); or the people may have lived in huts and shelters that were made of perishable materials and therefore have left no traces. They were skilful in fashioning stone implements and chipping flint and obsidian, the latter imported presumably from the island of Melos.

been, he seems somehow to have anticipated the naturalistic elements of Greek art by more than 2000 years, and his little statue stands closer in some respects to Aphrodite of the classical period than to the primitive idols and fetishes of his own era.

New settlers arrived at Lerna in the Early Bronze Age. It seems probable that they levelled and graded parts of the site; along the southern slopes we find a deep mixed filling, made up of clay, stones and broken pottery from the preceding habitations that had been demolished. On this platform new buildings were erected, quite different in aspect from the modest Neolithic houses. Some were 60 ft. or more in length, comprising several rectangular rooms in a row, with big substantial walls. These, too, were razed and rebuilt from time to time and successive strata of debris accumulated. The floors hold pottery of familiar Early Helladic shapes, jars, jugs, open bowls, and characteristic *askoi* and "sauceboats" (Fig. 8) in plain, glazed, and slipped wares. Painted decoration is exceedingly rare in these initial phases of the period, an exception being the askoid flask of fine yellow clay with patterns in dull red shown in Fig. 7. Copper blades appear now along with the traditional tools of stone and bone.



FIG. 2. A "TRULY MONUMENTAL BUILDING" OF THE EARLY HELLADIC PERIOD AT LERNA: THE HOUSE OF TILES, WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN BOTH A RELIGIOUS AND ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING.

This photograph was taken after the 1956 season, and the crude brick walls have been covered with earth and sheathed with stones to protect them from the weather. Eventually it is hoped to erect a shed roof and re-expose the walls and floors to view.

of one or two rooms, with walls rather carelessly built. Hearths and ovens were constructed of clay, their floors lined with pebbles or potsherds. Deep circular pits collected the rubbish from the houses. From the floors and *bothroi* we have recovered great quantities of pottery, including many vessels with linear patterns in dark paint on a light ground (Fig. 17). The type is well known at other Early Helladic sites; in establishing the chronology of the period it is important to observe that this ware appears at Lerna only after the destruction of the House of the Tiles.

At this site there is no clearly perceptible break at the end of the Early Bronze Age but rather a gradual transition to the Middle Helladic culture. The fact is surprising, since other excavations in north-eastern Peloponnesos, notably those of Wace

[Continued opposite.



CLASSIC BEAUTY 2000 YEARS BEFORE ITS TIME: THE LERNA STATUETTE.



FIG. 3. NEAR TO THE CLASSICAL APHRODITE IN FEELING, BUT MORE THAN 2000 YEARS EARLIER IN DATE: AN ASTONISHING TERRACOTTA STATUETTE FROM NEOLITHIC LERNA.



FIG. 4. "A FIGURE OF YOUTHFUL MATURITY, FULL WITHOUT HEAVINESS, GRACEFULLY NATURAL . . .": THE FRONT ASPECT OF THE LERNA FIGURINE. (7½ ins. high.)

*Continued.]*  
and Blegen, have yielded unquestionable evidence of a sudden widespread devastation, wrought presumably by invaders who came and conquered the region. Yet in thoroughly testing many parts of our mound, over extended areas, we have found no trace of a burnt layer or general destruction at this stage. Apsidal houses begin to occur; then grey Minyan pottery appears sporadically, to be followed by light-coloured wares with decoration in dull-paint (Fig. 9); and the typical Middle Helladic features emerge gradually. In this period Lerna had direct contact with various places abroad. One of the latest Early Helladic deposits contained fragments of a Trojan jar. With Middle Helladic wares are found vessels imported from Crete and many local pieces that show the influence of Middle Minoan styles. Cycladic pots occur also (Fig. 7). A class of hand-made incised vases, chiefly small bottle-shaped jars or flasks (Fig. 14), has recently been recognised by Dr. M. Garašanin of Belgrade as coming from the central Balkans, possibly from the region of Bubanj,  
*[Continued opposite.]*



FIG. 5. AS IT WAS FOUND: THE LERNA STATUETTE LYING AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE NEOLITHIC SETTLEMENT; AND "THE MOST STRIKING SINGLE OBJECT FOUND THERE."

*Continued.]*  
near Niš. Obviously the settlement thrived and prospered in the Middle Bronze Age. Eight or ten building levels can be distinguished. Their sequence is sometimes difficult to follow because it was the practice in this period to bury the dead under the floors or beside the houses, and each grave, scores of which have been encountered, obliterated remains of the preceding phase. Simple pit graves and stone cists are commonest; infants and small children were sometimes buried in jars (Figs. 22 and 25). Funerary offerings are rare. Although houses and public buildings of the Late Bronze Age have largely disappeared with the erosion of the mound, it is clear that the site was still occupied in that period. Two great shaft graves (Fig. 21), not inferior in size and construction to many of the Royal graves at Mycenæ, have been found at Lerna. Both had been ransacked in antiquity, even the skeletons being removed, but the filling of the shafts contained a vast amount of broken pottery (Figs. 10 and 15). These graves represent the earliest phase of the Mycenæan period, when Middle  
*[Continued overleaf.]*



# FROM NEOLITHIC TO LATE BRONZE AGE: LERNA POTTERY.



FIG. 6. AN IMPORT FROM A CYCLADIC ISLAND, PROBABLY MELOS: A STORK-LIKE JUG, FOUND IN A MIDDLE HELLADIC GRAVE. (12 ins. high.)

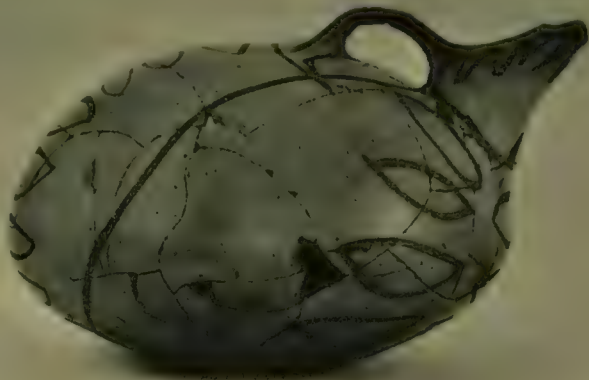


FIG. 7. AN ASKOID JUG OF FINE LIGHT FABRIC WITH PATTERNS IN DULL RED, ONE OF VERY FEW SUCH FOUND IN THE LOWER STRATA OF THE EARLY HELLADIC SETTLEMENT. (Just over 6 ins. high.)



FIG. 8. LIKE FIG. 7, OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE: AN EARLY HELLADIC "SAUCEBOAT."



FIG. 9. OF THE MIDDLE HELLADIC PERIOD: A MATT-PAINTED CUP WHICH WAS FOUND ON THE COVER SLAB OF A GRAVE.

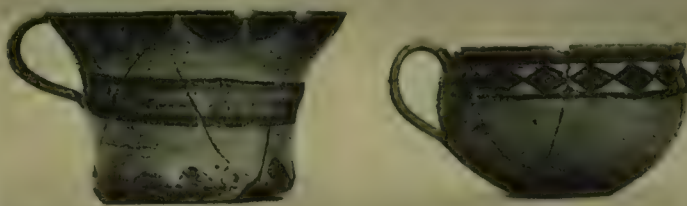


FIG. 10. OF THE LATE BRONZE AGE: TWO CUPS WITH BICHROME DECORATION IN DULL PAINT ON A REDDISH BUFF GROUND, FOUND IN ONE OF THE TWO SHAFT GRAVES OF ROYAL TYPE.

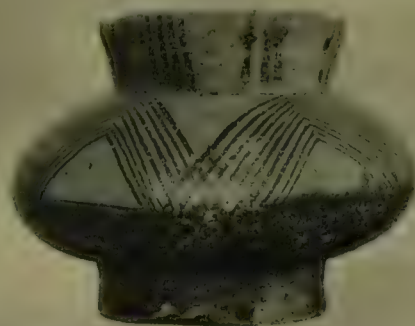


FIG. 11. OF THE SECOND NEOLITHIC PERIOD, CONTEMPORARY WITH FIGS. 3 AND 4: A JAR, RED PAINTED ON BUFF GROUND.



FIG. 12. EARLY HELLADIC AND LATER THAN HOUSE OF TILES: A TERRACOTTA FIGURINE, WITH DARK PAINT PATTERNS.



FIG. 13. OF ABOUT THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: A FINE KRATER OF THE LATE HELLADIC III B, FOUND IN AN AREA WHERE LATE MYCENÆAN WARE IS ALSO FOUND.



FIG. 14. AN IMPORT PROBABLY FROM THE CENTRAL BALKANS: A HANDMADE BROWN BURNISHED FLASK, FOUND IN A MIDDLE HELLADIC HOUSE. INCISED ORNAMENT.

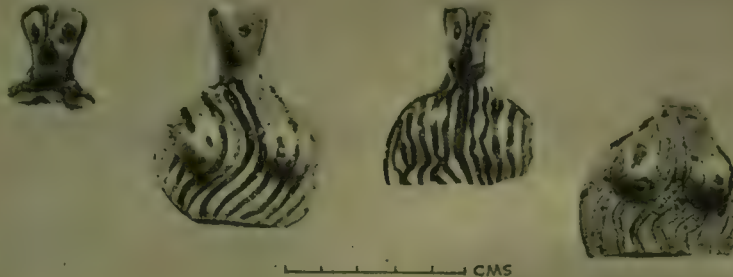


FIG. 16. LATE HELLADIC III PAINTED CULT FIGURINES, ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS LATER THAN THE "CLASSIC" STATUETTE OF FIG. 4. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 15. LATE BRONZE AGE AND FROM THE FIRST SHAFT GRAVE: A SPOUTED JAR, LUSTROUS BLACK AND WHITE. (Water-colour by Piet de Jong.)

*Continued.*

Helladic ceramic styles had reached their final development and potters were beginning to experiment with the use of lustrous paint. The new style rapidly supplanted the old, at Lerna as elsewhere in the Argolid; very fine pottery of Late Helladic I and Late Helladic II (Fig. 24) has been found in small graves and a few scattered deposits. House walls and floors with objects assignable to the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B.C. (Late Helladic III A and III B) (Figs. 13 and 16) and occasional sherds of Late Mycenaean wares have come to light in limited areas, principally on the eastern side of the hill. The Geometric period is represented by graves on the site and an extensive cemetery on the lower slopes of Mt. Pontinos (Fig. 23), the archaic and classical Greek periods by surface finds (Fig. 19) and a number of well-shafts. Thus more than 3000 years of early history are epitomised by material remains that have been recovered from this small mound, although relatively little of the whole area has been investigated and only in

*[Continued opposite.]*



FIG. 17. OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE, BUT LATER THAN THE HOUSE OF TILES: A TWO-HANDLED CUP, RED-BROWN ON LIGHT.



## ALMOST UNIQUE OUTSIDE MYCENÆ—A ROYAL SHAFT GRAVE AT LERNA.



FIG. 18. ONE OF THE MANY CLAY SEALINGS FROM POTS FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF TILES, SHOWING A COMPLEX FORMAL PATTERN.



FIG. 19. FROM THE LERNA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD: A GEM IMPRESSION SHOWING A DANCING GIRL, ON A CLAY LOOMWEIGHT. THE CLASSIC PERIOD IS REPRESENTED ONLY BY SMALL SURFACE FINDS. (Reproduced about actual size.)



FIG. 20. ANOTHER SEALING FROM THE HOUSE OF TILES. THE POTS SO SEALED HAD FALLEN FROM AN UPPER FLOOR DURING A FIRE.



FIG. 21. A SHAFT GRAVE OF ROYAL TYPE, ONE OF THE FIRST EVER FOUND OUTSIDE MYCENÆ. DATABLE TO ABOUT 1600 B.C. OPENED AND EMPTIED IN ANTIQUITY.



FIG. 22. A FUNERARY URN CONTAINING THE SKELETON OF A CHILD—MIDDLE HELLADIC PERIOD, WHEN ADULT BURIALS WERE USUALLY DISPOSED IN STONE CISTS OR SIMPLE PITS.



FIG. 23. FROM THE LERNA OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD: THE CONTENTS OF A PITHOS BURIAL FROM THE EXTENSIVE CEMETERY ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF MT. PONTINOS.

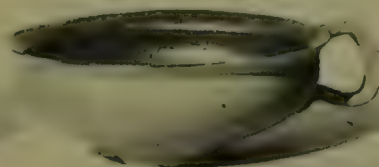


FIG. 24. VERY FINE POTTERY OF THE LATE HELLADIC II PERIOD: A CUP AND TWO MINIATURE JUGS, THE LATTER ELEGANTLY DECORATED, ALL OF THEM BEING FOUND IN A CHILD'S GRAVE.



FIG. 25. A LARGE MIDDLE HELLADIC (MIDDLE BRONZE AGE) PITHOS, ABOUT 2 FT. 2½ INS. (67 CM.) HIGH, SIMPLY DECORATED. IT HAD BEEN USED AS A FUNERARY URN.

*Continued.*  
a few places have our trenches penetrated to virgin soil. The excavation could be expanded and continued almost indefinitely. Such, however, is not our programme. The principal objectives of the enterprise are now within reach, and a constant accession of new material would impede the process of analysis. It is our intention to make further tests of the Neolithic settlement, to re-examine the House of the Tiles in all its details, and to take such measures of conservation as will make the excavated area intelligible for visitors. That much accomplished, we shall be content to leave the site for a future generation of archæologists to examine again.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE Christmas decoration which has given me more pleasure than any other this year has been a vase of roses. Not perhaps the conventional or tradi-

tional type of Christmas decoration, but the blooms being home-grown and exquisitely beautiful, and having opened as a freakish dividend exactly on time for Christmas week, they really have been outstandingly welcome. There are only three of them, and they were gathered from a bush of Rose "Lady Sylvia," which is planted out in the bed at the foot of the back wall of my unheated lean-to greenhouse. That bush, which I struck as a cutting four or five years ago, has proved an invaluable stand-by. Each spring it produces a crop of roses, shell-pink, and perfect in form, many weeks before there are any roses out in the garden, and these precocious blossoms are followed by a succession, a running fire of roses throughout the summer months. But it is those first early ones opening in flawless perfection, thanks to glass protection, without any suspicion of forcing or coddling, which make that solitary bush so valuable. This year, however, my "Lady Sylvia" has excelled herself by suddenly throwing up, in late autumn, a stout stem, over 6 ft. tall, with a wide spray of six or eight buds. By late November several of these buds were gathered, half open, for the house; and it was then that I began to wonder whether the remaining three would perhaps carry on, and despite the sort of weather we might expect, be open for Christmas. They developed very, very slowly. It was often hideously cold in the little greenhouse. But exactly a week before Christmas Day I decided that they would probably open better and earlier—in fact, in time—if gathered and kept in a vase of water in the more genial climate of a living-room. It worked like a miracle, and by December 23 they were at their best, half expanded and in perfect condition, as though it were June. To-day, Boxing Day, their complexions have become just a trifle *passé*, and to-morrow they will have to go.

But why all this fuss about three roses, you may ask. Elementary, my dear Watson. I have derived a great deal of pleasure from this small, simple success, for which I claim no particular credit. True, I struck "Lady Sylvia" (cad) and then consigned her to the cold greenhouse (brute). That she rewarded me so charmingly with those welcome out-of-season blossoms is surely a hint, a suggestion worth passing on for the consideration of others who happen to have an unheated greenhouse. If there is no back bed in which to plant a rose, a large pot would doubtless do almost as well, and I would add—with no ungrateful discourtesy to "Lady Sylvia"—that probably many other rose varieties would behave just as generously under the same conditions, and I have found that the exquisite little rose "Mme. Cécile Brunner" behaves extremely well when grown in a good-sized pot, rested in the open air all summer, and then brought into the greenhouse in autumn for early spring flowering.

With regard to more conventional Christmas decorations, I am afraid I remain rather an old-fashioned traditionalist, content with the holly, ivy, yew, mistletoe, and a few other evergreens which I knew as a

### CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

small child, and have stuck to ever since. And, of course, a Christmas-tree even if there is only one child around to enjoy it. In fairly recent years outside-the-house decorations have made their appearance. Wreaths with holly, both berried and gold and silver, and perhaps a little mistletoe, hung by the knocker on the front door. They are, I think, an imported American custom, and very charming they look, though for me, at any rate, they have no nostalgic

significance, and I am happy to admire them on other folk's front doors—and leave it at that.

I can not help thinking that it is well worth planting a few trees and shrubs—unless the garden is really very small—which would be likely to prove useful for providing evergreens, especially berried evergreens, for the Christmas decorations. Holly, of course, the normal green-leaved type, of a good free-fruited variety, and also the yellow berried sort. There are folk who dislike all variegated foliage, as a sort of article of faith. But I like both the gold and silver variegated hollies, especially for use in the Christmas decorations.

Then the cotoneasters are invaluable for providing masses of berries—crimson, scarlet and golden. Among the best are *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, whose fine, flat fan-shaped branches are brilliant at Christmas with countless scarlet berries, and almost greater quantities of small, round scarlet leaves. Then there are the taller-growing cotoneasters, making small trees of the size, on average, of the rowan or mountain ash. Among these the best are *Cotoneaster salicifolia floccosa*, with dark willow-shaped leaves, with silvery tomentum on the under side, and bunches of scarlet berries strung from end to end of the gracefully arched stems—on the upper side. *Cotoneaster frigida* is perhaps a rather stronger grower than *salicifolia*, making a larger tree. The deep-green, almost evergreen leaves make a most effective setting for the massed bunches of scarlet berries, which are greatly relished by birds. I knew a garden near Sheffield in which there were many fine old trees of this cotoneaster, which, to the great joy of their owner, were visited every few winters by flocks of that beautiful migrant bird, the Bohemian Waxwing.

I think that perhaps the finest of all these tree cotoneasters is the variety *cornubia*, with tremendous crops of larger, brilliant scarlet berries. But *Cotoneaster watereri* runs it very close. There are two most beautiful golden-berried tree cotoneasters which originated at Exbury. One of these, whose exact varietal name I have never known, was planted in a neighbour's garden, in a position in which I get a splendid view of it, for many of its best branches hang over a wall into a corner of my garden. This year its every branch is heavily laden with dense bunches of golden berries. All these berrying cotoneasters are well worth planting in any garden which can provide the necessary space. They are extremely decorative in their own right, and can prove invaluable at Christmas-time, especially in seasons when holly berries are scarce.

As a very small boy I was once greatly puzzled by a colour phenomenon which I noticed at about Christmas-time. A big holly bush in the garden near the nursery window had an exceptionally heavy crop of berries. At the same time the tree was well laden with snow. The rich green and the sparkling white and scarlet made a thrilling picture. But the snow, in contrast with the green of the holly leaves, took on a definitely pinkish hue. No one could explain this strange colour effect then, and no one has explained it to me since—perhaps because I have never asked. But there was no doubt about it.



"THE COTONEASTERS ARE INVALUABLE FOR PROVIDING MASSES OF BERRIES...": *COTONEASTER X CORNUBIA*, A HYBRID BETWEEN *C. FRIGIDA* AND SOME OTHER UNKNOWN SPECIES, "AND PERHAPS THE FINEST OF ALL THESE TREE COTONEASTERS," THOUGH *C. WATERERI* RUNS IT VERY CLOSE.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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# FROM AMPHIBIOUS CARAVANS TO *BLUEBIRD*: THE BOAT SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



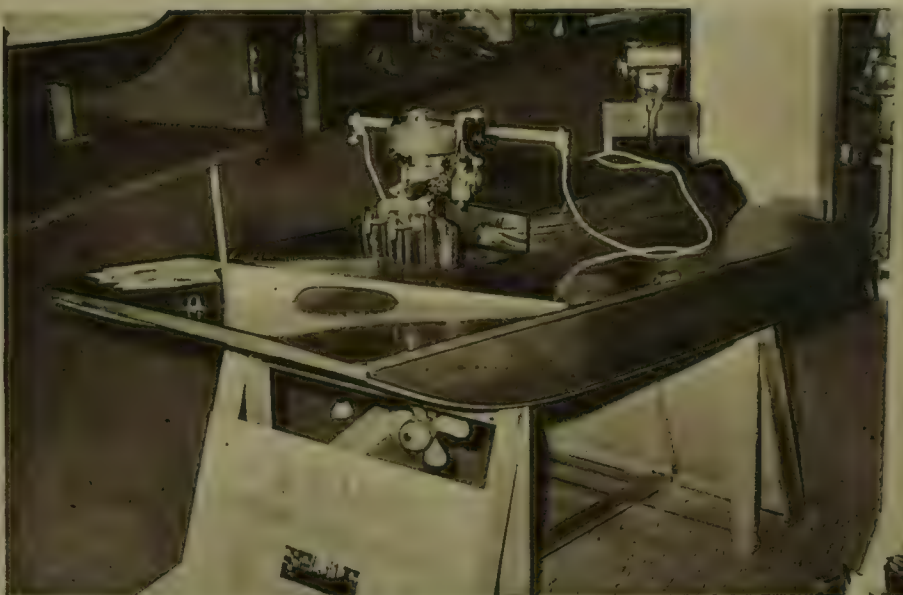
A COLLAPSIBLE CANOE WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, CAN BE FITTED INTO THE BOOT OF A CAR: THE FAIREY MARINE PIXIE.



A LIFE-SAVING DEVICE FOR BABIES: THE BABY'S FLOATING SURVIVAL COT, WHICH, WITH ITS SELF-ERECTING HOOD AND CANOPY, GIVES PROTECTION AGAINST THE WAVES, RAIN AND THE WIND.



OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO VENETIANS? THE CEA-SCOOTER, WHICH IS MADE OF RESIN-BONDED GLASS FIBRE.



FOR EXCITEMENT: THE AQUABAT, A FAST OUTBOARD WATER-SCOOTER FOR THE ADVENTUROUSLY MINDED.



ONE OF THE MORE EXPENSIVE MODELS AT THE SHOW: THE HEALEY SPORTS BOAT, A HIGH-SPEED LUXURY CRAFT.



A SIGN OF THINGS TO COME? AN AMPHIBIOUS CARAVAN. THIS CRAFT IS EQUIPPED WITH OUTBOARD MOTOR AND WITH LAND WHEELS.

The Boat Show, held at Empire Hall, Olympia, was opened by Lord Hailsham on January 1 and is to close to-day, January 12. It is the third show of its kind to be held. Among the novelties on show is the floating caravan, which can be used as a caravan on the land or, in the water, as a cabin boat, for which purpose it can be fitted with an outboard motor. One report noted that this craft might lead to some future outcrop of "suburbia afloat." As might

be expected, there were "build-it-yourself" boats on show, and a stand showing how simple it is to build boats at home. Also on view at the Show was the world's fastest power craft, Donald Campbell's *Bluebird*, and the fastest British sailing-craft, the catamaran *Endeavour*, which has travelled at 26 knots under sail alone. The Show was organised by the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation and sponsored by the *Daily Express*.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE rabbit is relatively silent. It will occasionally give voice, but very rarely, and then in subdued tones, as, for example, when the doe is tending her young. The exception to this is when attacked by a stoat, when the rabbit squeals or screams in terror. I have never witnessed this, so must rely on the testimony of others. Some have described to me how they have hurried to the spot, on hearing the screams, to find the stoat already fastening its teeth in the rabbit. Others describe the rabbit as crouched, rooted to the spot, with the stoat advancing on it. There have even been suggestions that the rabbit is, in some way, hypnotised. That the rabbit is actuated by real fear at such moments is suggested by another experience. This again is second-hand. When pursued by a stoat, a rabbit has been known to go right up to the feet of a man and suffer itself to be picked up, apparently choosing thereby the lesser of two evils. This is understandable: the hypnosis-theory, on the other hand, is difficult to put into perspective.

My remarks, a few weeks ago, about the way polecats will find food by scent, apparently not using their eyesight, has brought a very enlightening letter from Mr. A. J. Sadler, of Cambridge, which is worth quoting in its entirety. "When out walking along a very quiet lane, I noticed a number of rabbits. I was then about sixty yards away. One rabbit became detached from the others and started to come in my direction. The lane was bounded by thick hedges, and had two wheel tracks in the centre. The grass was about six inches high.

"The rabbit was approaching in my direction on the left-hand track when, behind it, appeared a stoat, approximately four or five yards away, on the same track. The stoat acted in the way described for the polecats, except that at first it raised itself, standing on its hind-feet, and sniffed the air. Afterwards, it dropped to the ground and started to follow the rabbit. The rabbit had completed twenty yards or so when it leapt on to the other track and ran down that, away from me, passing the stoat quite close, on its way up the left-hand track. The rabbit went within four or five yards of the other rabbits, which had not moved, leapt on the left-hand track again, and started once more in my direction, passing the stoat again on its way down. This continued for three complete circuits, both rabbit and stoat meanwhile becoming more excited. Then the rabbit panicked, first dashing towards the other rabbits.

"I was surprised to see what appeared to be the biggest of these suddenly jump and drive the solitary rabbit, the one being pursued by the stoat, back towards its pursuer, whereupon it leapt across the track and into the hedge squealing, the stoat following. The stoat made no attempt to chase the other rabbits, which remained quite still. Throughout, and even in the final stage, the stoat made no attempt to take a short cut by leaping across the track. Apart from other puzzling facts, why did the other rabbits not move? They did not appear to be frightened."

The first interest in this well-documented observation lies in the stoat's use of the sense of smell in following its quarry, except possibly in the final stage, when it was close up to the rabbit.

### STOAT MEETS RABBIT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The second concerns the squealing and its biological significance. To hear anything crying in distress is upsetting to the human emotions; and because of the faculty of imagination possessed by us, it may be upsetting even to read an account of it, such as this. To say this is also to come near to dealing with the biological function of a cry of

each other. Suddenly, there came the yelp of a dog in distress. It had caught its foot in a grating. On that instant, the whole pattern of behaviour of the crowd was altered. Everyone, moved by a common emotion, turned towards the dog, which was quickly relieved of its painful situation. Even then, not until they were assured that the dog had suffered no permanent damage, did they resume their ways. The crowd would have behaved similarly for any such cries, whether from human or animal. It is not curiosity alone that draws a crowd around the victim of a street accident.

There was another occasion, in World War I, when a comrade was shooting rats in a trench with a pistol. He showed them no mercy until he cornered one, which, as he put it, "squealed like a child." He lowered the pistol and stood aside to let it escape.

These things happen with us because we are gregarious, because we have certain qualities of sympathy and imagination, and doubtless for other reasons which, in fact, mark off the human from the animal. The behaviour evoked may have similar roots, but its significance has become altered, as compared with that of animals. The wild ancestors of the domesticated dog were probably gregarious. A yell of pain might bring the rest of the pack to gather round one that was hurt. If the cause were a predator, the combined efforts of the pack might be helpful. They would have little value if the cries were from a victim trapped, say, by a paw. On the other hand, a cat in pain will squeal, but its wild ancestors were solitary. Moreover, a cat will not only squeal but will spit and scratch simultaneously.

With rabbits, which are gregarious, there is no chance of a cry of distress bringing succour from congeners. Their mental level is lower than that of a pack of dogs, anyway. A hedgehog, one of the most solitary beasts, will cry piteously when trapped, with no hope of rescue by other hedgehogs, or by anything else. Rather, it would be more likely to bring itself to the attention of a predator. Further down the scale, we have the common frog, normally mute except when breeding, which will, on rare occasions, cry piteously under certain conditions of danger from a predator. If one could collect all examples of this particular form of behaviour, at various levels in animal organisation, it is fairly certain we should see a consistent and universal pattern. In this the so-called cry of distress would appear as a simple reflex associated with specified conditions of excitement, using this word to express an upwelling of emotion. The reflex probably results in a relief of tension, and, basically, has no more significance than this. According to the mental and social structures of each

species, it has acquired a biological significance. In young birds and mammals it brings attention from the mother. For the adults, it may in some instances bring succour in one form or another, and this is especially true of the human species. The cries of animals, so piteous to our ears, are not necessarily signals related to the actual distress. If they were, we should then need to explain why, of the millions that die each year in the course of a natural attrition, only exceptionally is their end other than silent.



ABOUT TO TAKE ITS PREY: A STOAT WITH ITS RAT VICTIM. THE STOAT'S VICTIMS MAY INCLUDE GAME BIRDS, BUT ARE MORE COMMONLY VERMIN SUCH AS RATS AND RABBITS.



RECALLING A SNAKE IN ITS LONG, SINUOUS BODY: THE STOAT, WHICH HUNTS LARGELY BY SMELL. The stoat preys upon ground "game," namely, small mammals and birds, which it hunts largely by smell. It recalls a snake in its long, sinuous body and relentless pursuit of prey, and it shares with certain snakes the power of inducing in its victims a seeming hypnosis which is often accompanied by apparent cries of terror. The biological meaning of these is difficult to assess, but the screams may be simple reflexes associated with a mounting excitement rather than indications of actual terror.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S

distress. Among ourselves it has the effect of helping the one making it, either by arousing sympathy to the point of seeking to give succour, or of inhibiting, possibly, in the actual aggressor, a more drastic action. It is because of the first of these that our feelings are upset, either when we hear the cries or when we read a graphic account of them.

I remember an occasion, some years ago, walking down a busy London street, where all the foot passengers were jostling each other and probably entertaining far from generous sentiments towards



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK; AND SOME NEW YEAR HONOURS RECIPIENTS.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: MR. CHARLES SNELLING.

Mr. Charles Snelling, who has been designated a C.B.E., is Vice-Chairman of *Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.*, and a director of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.* He has been Chairman, since 1954, and Managing Director, since 1931, of The Inveresk Paper Company Ltd. He is a Chevalier of the Order of the Polar Star (Sweden).



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.

Mr. Donald Campbell, who last September broke his own world water speed record on Coniston Water, establishing a new record of 225.63 m.p.h. in *Bluebird*, has been designated a C.B.E. He is the son of Sir Malcolm Campbell. Mr. Campbell recently said he had hopes of "pushing the land speed record beyond 400 m.p.h."



APPOINTED TO THE ORDER OF MERIT: SIR JOHN COCKCROFT.

Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, has been appointed to the Order of Merit. He was Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Cambridge, until 1946 and was Chief Superintendent, Air Defence, Research and Development Establishment, Ministry of Supply, from 1941-44.



DESIGNATED A C.B.E.: STANLEY MATTHEWS.

Stanley Matthews has been designated a C.B.E. for services to Association Football. Aged forty-one, Stanley Matthews, who has been described as "the most remarkable, if no longer the best, player in the world," is still England's outside right; he has fifty-one International caps, and recently celebrated his silver jubilee in the game.



AN EMINENT WOMAN ENGINEER DIES: DAME CAROLINE HASLETT.

Dame Caroline Haslett, the distinguished engineer and administrator, died at the age of sixty-one on Jan. 4. She was a former President of the Women's Engineering Society, a member of the British Electricity Authority, and was the first British woman to be President of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women.



CREATED A BARON: SIR EDWARD BRIDGES.

Sir Edward Bridges, head of the Civil Service and Permanent Secretary to the Treasury until his retirement last year, has been created a Baron. He is a Fellow of All Souls, fought in the First World War, and between 1919 and 1938 served H.M. Treasury. He was Secretary of the Cabinet from 1938 to 1946. Sir Edward Bridges was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and is a Fellow of Eton College.

Portrait by Douglas Glass.



A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCE TOMISLAV OF YUGOSLAVIA AND PRINCESS MARGARITA OF BADEN.

The engagement of Prince Tomislav and Princess Margarita was announced on January 2. Prince Tomislav, who was educated in England and has a fruit farm in Sussex, is related to the Royal family, and Princess Margarita is a niece of the Duke of Edinburgh.



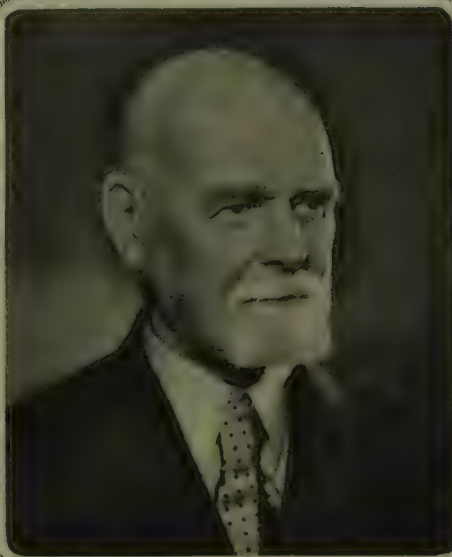
CREATED A BARON: SIR ROBERT SINCLAIR.

Sir Robert Sinclair, who is chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company, has been created a Baron, for public services. He is Pro-Chancellor of Bristol University and has been President of the Federation of British Industries. He was Deputy for Minister of Production on the Combined Production and Resources Board, Washington, from 1942-43. He became Chief Executive at the Ministry of Production in 1943 and was subsequently with the Board of Trade from 1943-45.



A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: THE LATE LORD JUSTICE SINGLETON.

Lord Justice Singleton, who died on Jan. 6, aged seventy-one, has been a Lord Justice of Appeal since 1948. He had previously been a Judge of the King's Bench Division for fourteen years. He was Conservative M.P. for Lancaster from 1922-23, Recorder of Preston, 1928-34, and Judge of Appeal in the Isle of Man from 1928-33. In 1936 he presided at the trial of Dr. Ruxton.



PRESIDENT OF AUSTRIA: THE LATE DR. THEODOR KOERNER.

Dr. Theodor Koerner, President of Austria since 1951, died in Vienna on January 4, aged eighty-three. He entered politics in 1925 when he joined the Social Democratic Party; he represented Vienna in the Senate, of which he became chairman in 1934. He was a man of principle and was imprisoned under the Dollfuss and Nazi régimes. In 1945 he was elected Mayor of Vienna.



APPOINTED CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF ROLLS-ROYCE: MR. D. PEARSON.

Mr. D. Pearson, who is forty-eight, has succeeded Lord Hives in the position of chief executive of Rolls-Royce. Lord Hives, at the age of seventy, is retiring. Mr. Pearson also becomes, together with Mr. Whitney Straight, a deputy chairman. The position of chairman, which also becomes vacant, is to be filled by Lord Kindersley, who is a member of the Court of the Bank of England.



NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL, NEW ZEALAND: LORD COBHAM.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Cobham as Governor-General of New Zealand, it was announced from Buckingham Palace on January 2. Lord Cobham, well known as a cricketer, and vice-captain of the M.C.C. team on their New Zealand tour in 1935-36, has family associations there, his grandfather being among those who helped to finance the town of Christchurch.



# CLEARING THE SUEZ CANAL: A WEEK OF PROGRESS BY THE U.N. SALVAGE TEAMS.



REMOVING THE SUNKEN FERDAN RAILWAY BRIDGE: TWO GERMAN SALVAGE SHIPS FROM HAMBURG PREPARING TO LIFT THE EASTERN SPAN FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL.



A CLOSE-UP OF PART OF THE FERDAN BRIDGE LYING IN THE WATER OF THE CANAL: IT WAS SUCCESSFULLY REMOVED ON JANUARY 4.



REMOVING ONE OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS LEFT IN PORT SAID HARBOUR: THE HUGE CRANE OF A DANISH SALVAGE VESSEL LIFTING A SMALL TUG FROM THE WATER.



TWO MEN WHO CARRY A HEAVY BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY: MAJOR-GENERAL BURNS (LEFT) AND LIEUT.-GENERAL WHEELER.



ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEMS FOR THE UNITED NATIONS SALVAGE TEAMS: THE SUNKEN EGYPTIAN L.S.T. AKKA, BELIEVED TO BE LOADED WITH CEMENT, LYING ACROSS THE CANAL NEAR LAKE TIMSAH.



SURVEYING THE WRECKAGE BLOCKING THE CANAL NEAR ISMAILIA: COLONEL MAHMOUD YUNES, HEAD OF THE EGYPTIAN SUEZ CANAL AUTHORITY.

After weeks of controversy and delay work at length began on the United Nations plan to clear the Suez Canal, on December 31. On the previous day Lieut.-General Wheeler, who is in charge of the United Nations operations, outlined his plan for clearing the Canal. He himself supervised the beginning of work at Kantara. On New Year's Day more widespread operations began, and German, Swedish, Italian and Belgian salvage vessels moved down the Canal from El Cap. The German lifting craft, *Energie* and *Ausdauer*, reached the collapsed railway bridge at Ferdan, six miles north of Ismailia. Italian divers surveyed the sunken wreckage and on January 4 the eastern span

of the bridge was lifted. The United Nations also announced that work was going ahead at Port Said, but the position of the Anglo-French salvage vessels still at work there remained ambiguous. Meanwhile negotiations between Egyptian and United Nations authorities concerning the removal of the thirteen merchant ships stranded in the Canal by the obstructions were being complicated by a dispute over who was to supervise this. It is understood that on January 6, Colonel Yunes, chief of the Egyptian Suez Canal authority, gave instructions for the ships, which had formed part of a south-bound convoy, to be turned round, so that they could sail north to Port Said.



THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE: THE JOURNEY FROM PORT SAID.



ITALIAN LAST RESPECTS TO 2ND-LIEUT. MOORHOUSE: THE YOUNG OFFICER'S BODY LYING IN STATE AT CAPODICINO AIRPORT, NAPLES, BEFORE BEING FLOWN TO ENGLAND.



THE SCENE OF MOORHOUSE'S TRAGIC DEATH IN PORT SAID: THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS HELD CAPTIVE AND DIED.



LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE'S BODY ARRIVES AT NAPLES: THE COFFIN BEING MOVED FROM THE R.C.A.F. TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT WHICH HAD BROUGHT IT FROM EGYPT.



REMOVED FROM ITS TEMPORARY GRAVE AT PORT SAID FOR HANDING OVER TO UNITED NATIONS OFFICIALS: THE PLAIN WOODEN COFFIN WITH LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE'S BODY.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN HANDLED OVER TO UNITED NATIONS OFFICIALS: THE COFFIN WITH LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE'S BODY LYING IN A CHAPEL AT PORT SAID UNDER THE GUARD OF TWO NORWEGIAN U.N.E.F. SOLDIERS.

The body of 2nd-Lieutenant Anthony Moorhouse, who was kidnapped by Egyptians at Port Said on December 11, was flown to England from Naples on January 6. The funeral was due to take place at Leeds Cathedral on January 10, and the body was to be buried at Lawnswood Cemetery with military honours. The body had been handed over by the Egyptians to United Nations officials at Port Said on January 2. On January 4 it was flown to Naples in a transport aircraft of the Royal Canadian Air Force attached to the United Nations Emergency Force. A team of medical experts, including the Moorhouse family doctor, had been flown to Naples to carry out an autopsy. The body was identified as that of Lieutenant Moorhouse, and it was reported that the British experts confirmed that death was caused by asphyxia, though no official statement concerning this had been made at the time of writing.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## ONE AND ALL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

RUTH DRAPER, to our sorrow, is dead; but this great artist lives on a crowded stage of memory, one crowded by her own characters. In herself she contained multitudes: she could hint at an entire life in the set of that sensitive mouth. She never assumed a character carelessly: nothing would hang loosely about her. It was the secret of Ruth Draper's art that she believed in her people, knew their past and could foreshadow their future. Refusing to offer the chance impression, fitting where it touched, the quick wiggery-pokery of the inferior protean player, she went to the heart and acted from it. That is why we remember her, and why, in comparison, the work of other *diseuses* seems to fade like heat-haze with the rising day.

I have here a scatter of her London programmes in recent years. Easily we recall those stages of the Criterion or the Haymarket or the St. James's, held through an evening by the quiet woman with a voice of many colours, the bright eyes that could film and blur, and the extraordinarily mobile mouth.

Round her the crowd gathers. Here is the old wife of Maine rocking upon the verandah, the woman with the slow, sharp-squeezed voice like tart apple-juice ("If you're miserable, I always say keep a-going, and you forget your misery"). Here, too, are the German governess with a head-cold, the Frenchwoman with the blind husband, the sprawling, intense, kittenish débutante with the macaw-screach, the hostess of "Showing the Garden," the three women and Mr. Clifford, the English lady of the manor and those gilded bulrushes.

Merely to set down their names is to see them. I am not, as a rule, an advocate of the protean performance or the two-character play. Greedily, I search for a packed programme, for Max Beer-bohm's "Enter . . . many others, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves." Some *diseuses*, some one-man occasions, have tried our patience. "Antony and Cleopatra" is among the glories of world drama; but I can hardly recall a more terrifying night than one, over twenty years ago, when an American actress recited the whole of the play to us, from Philo to the asp, with an unrelenting husky resolve. The theatre was destroyed early in the war. Whenever I pass its site, I seem to be sitting again at the end of the fourth row of stalls, in bowed torment, anticipating every inflection as the speaker homeward plods her weary way.

Nothing like that with Ruth Draper. Always she kept the stage freshly alive, and one could hear the same monologue a dozen times without coming to accept it as a ritual. Maybe the last panel in the triptych of "Three Women and Mr. Clifford" had begun to dim; otherwise, one could be confident that any creation in Miss Draper's repertory had still its depth and glow.

Each to his choice. My favourite scene was probably one of the simplest: opening a bazaar. There she was, with lorgnettes, boa, parasol, mammoth hat: the dowager, the lady of the manor, the light of other days about her: rich in tact and the benign platitude, everyone's friend, ready to admire whatever turned up, from cream-buns to those gilded bulrushes ("I've always thought bulrushes are very decorative, but people don't use them much"). Here was a Lady Bountiful who had merely to speak to summon

to us the people round her, to erect tent and marquee, to trumpet happily from the platform against a capricious wind, to move in a foam of sachets and tambourines, to build a village and to animate it. And all this upon a stage furnished by a single chair against old-gold curtains.

Ruth Draper wrote her own material. Her people were thus created doubly, in the text and in person. Again, I repeat, no suggestion of the lightning-sketch, the chalk scrawl. There was more than a frequent change of voice, expertly

she could create a world in a moment or so, in what Prospero called "a twink." I wrote of her then as a "champion twinker": it is a matter for deep regret that we shall never know again this effortless miracle of her art. We mourn a great lady of two theatres: the American stage and ours.

Ruth Draper apart, my happiest chameleon-artists have been Angna Enters, the mime who is a connoisseur's delight, and, of course, Emlyn Williams, who in these days may be either Dickens or Dylan Thomas. I have met him recently in both disguises, and I was particularly glad to see and to hear his Dickens in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. There was the season's Angelo, Iago, and Shylock transformed suddenly to the novelist with the fretted, forked beard, the geranium, and the reading-desk. Once more he could remind us, with swiftly-communicated pleasure, of the young sallowish gentleman in spectacles who said "Esker" and stopped dead, and the dashing medical student who wore a black velvet waistcoat with thunder-and-lightning buttons.

I have just been to Stratford again, quiet and frost-flaked at the turn of the year, to meet "Toad of Toad Hall," for me at once the last and the best of the holiday plays. By now it is almost Stratford's own; the Memorial Theatre has chosen its holiday exercise wisely. It is simple there to imagine Water Rat, Badger, Toad, Mole, and the rest, at work on the willowed banks of the Avon, with Toad Hall and Mole End somewhere by the Weir Brake: If I regret anything, it is the absence of Sea Rat. My copy of "The

Wind in the Willows" is out on permanent loan, so I cannot check all the facts; but I do remember the Sea Rat's talk of "deep-sea fishings and nightly silver gatherings of the mile-long net; of sudden perils, noise of breakers on a moonless night." I remember that because Grahame knew Cornwall well; some of the Sea Rat's memories derive from my own village.

Still, A. A. Milne could not well have got the tough fellow into "Toad." Water Rat is there with his love of messing about in boats ("nothing—absolutely nothing—half so worth doing"), a riverside longshoreman if ever there was one! Clive Revill has the right buoyant springiness, and he can flick his tail. There are performances by such people as Patrick Wymark (with Toad's "Poop-poop!"), Mark Dignam (the grave Badger), and John Garley (a good quiet Mole) that bring the willow-folk to us. I still wish we could see the statues of Queen Victoria, the Infant Samuel, and Garibaldi in the house at Mole End.

Perhaps I shall remember this "Toad" especially, and surprisingly, for its Marigold who drowns on the river-bank. Marigold, in her short scene, has more chance than that other dreamer, Alice, who, in the stage versions of Carroll, can be only a foil for the creatures of Wonderland. Milne has left Marigold to a short prologue, and to the briefer, wordless epilogue: the dream-sense is true, and Stratford has now such an uncommon actress as Doreen Aris to interpret it. I was thinking of her when I came from the Memorial Theatre in the grey, snow-charged twilight; and I was also remembering the Sea Rat and my own village—no willows in sight—as it can appear under the same winter sky, with what Grahame calls "the cry of gulls at pasture over the pale acres that know no plough."



A MUSICAL PLAY WHICH REACHES ITS 1000TH PERFORMANCE AT THE VAUDEVILLE ON JANUARY 12: "SALAD DAYS," SHOWING A SCENE DURING THE LYRIC "OH, LOOK AT ME!" The Bristol Old Vic Production of "Salad Days," with book and lyrics by Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade, and music by Julian Slade, reaches its 1000th performance at the Vaudeville Theatre to-day, January 12. It had its first performance at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, on June 1, 1954, and opened at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, on August 5, 1954.



"THE LAST AND THE BEST OF THE HOLIDAY PLAYS": "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, SHOWING (L. TO R.) FOREGROUND: MOLE (JOHN GARLEY); RATTY (CLIVE REVILL) AND MARIGOLD (DOREEN ARIS). BACKGROUND: BADGER (MARK DIGNAM) AND MR. TOAD (PATRICK WYMARK).

though she contrived this: now a mellow purr, now the gurgling, eddying, twittering tones of youth, the keen, eager, on-duty voice of a perfect secretary, or the melting Scots of a young immigrant. When she was in London during the early summer of last year, I spoke of the way in which

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE CHALK GARDEN" (Haymarket).—Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies has now succeeded Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Pamela Brown as Miss Madrigal to Dame Edith Evans's Mrs. St. Maugham in Enid Bagnold's fine play at the Haymarket Theatre. I hope to write of this next week.





THE COUP DE THEATRE AT THE END OF THE FIRST ACT: PRINCESS BELLE ROSE (SVETLANA BERIOVA) IS CARRIED OFF BY THE FOUR BRONZE FROGS.



THE HEROINE OF THE STORY, THE PRINCESS BELLE ROSE (SVETLANA BERIOVA), IN THE DIVERTISSEMENTS WHICH FOLLOW HER TRIUMPH.



THE COURTIER RESTRAIN BELLE ROSE FROM EMBRACING HER KNEELING FATHER, NOW CROWNED WITH A FOOL'S CAP AND IN RAGS. LEFT, THE FOOL.

## "THE PRINCE OF THE PAGODAS": A BRILLIANT COVENT GARDEN OCCASION.

ON January 1, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Sadler's Wells Ballet presented "The Prince of the Pagodas," which is described as the first full-length English ballet with a commissioned score and which is dedicated to Imogen Holst and Ninette de Valois. The music is by Benjamin Britten, who also conducted, the choreography and scenario by John Cranko, the settings by John Piper, and the costumes by Desmond Heeley. The première was a truly notable occasion and the ballet was received with great applause. It is a fairy story with echoes of King Lear. It opens in the court of the Emperor of the Middle Kingdom (Leslie Edwards), a doting fool who adores his heartless daughter Belle Epine (Julia Farron) and slights his loving daughter Belle Rose (Svetlana Beriova), who gives an enchanting performance in the leading rôle. In attendance are a good Fool (Pirmin Trecu) and a spiteful Dwarf (Ray Powell). The first act contains a visit of four kings, suitors for Belle Epine, a vision by Belle Rose of the Prince of the Pagodas, and finally the departure by air of Belle Rose, borne off by four frogs. In Act II Belle Rose travels, still aerially suspended, through kingdoms of air, fire and water, ingeniously portrayed in some fantastic ensembles; and in the second scene of this act reaches the Kingdom of the Pagodas, where Belle Rose is wooed by a Green Salamander who turns out to be the Prince of the Pagodas (David Blair). In Act III Belle Epine has made herself Empress and her wretched father is kept in a cage. Belle Rose and the Prince return, the Emperor is released, Belle Epine is caged, Belle Rose and the Prince are married and the curtain comes down in a blaze of divertissements, which do not, however, conceal the fact that the story, as such, has dwindled away.



THE USURPING PRINCESS BELLE EPINE BOWS MOCKINGLY TO HER CAGED FATHER, THE EX-EMPEROR (LESLIE EDWARDS). RIGHT, THE FOOL.



THE MOON (ANYA LINDEN) RIDING ABOVE THE CLOUDS: ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE SCENES DURING BELLE ROSE'S AERIAL JOURNEY.



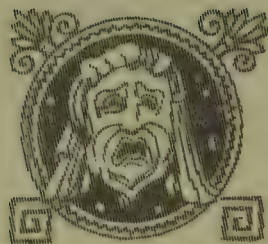
BELLE EPINE AS THE USURPING EMPRESS: JULIA FARRON, CARRIED ALOFT BY HER UNHAPPY COURTIER IN ACT III, SCENE 1.



TOWARDS THE FINALE OF ACT III. CENTRE, THE PRINCESS HAND IN HAND WITH THE PRINCE (DAVID BLAIR) WITH DANCERS, HERALDS AND PAGODA LADIES. RIGHT, THE EMPEROR.

The six upper photographs are by Roger Wood, the bottom one by Tony Armstrong Jones.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### A BLAZE OF GLOOM.

By ALAN DENT.

THE old year finished, so far as the cinema is concerned, in what can only be described as a blaze of gloom. Reviewing the films of the whole twelvemonth, one cannot find anything approaching the practically unrelieved squalor and miserable intensity of "Gervaise" and "Baby Doll." But equally, one finds very little to approach the high and fine cinematic quality of these two films, one French and the other American. The end crowns the year's work.

It might, incidentally, be a good and worth-keeping New Year Resolve on the part of cinema-theatres—not only in London but the wide world over—to revert to their old custom of supplying their customers with something like a programme to tell them a little about what they are seeing. If economy still prevails in the world—as, of course, it still does!—a good deal of useful and helpful information could nevertheless be supplied on a single sheet. Voluminous sheets of information—most of it uninteresting and unnecessary—are supplied to everyone however remotely connected with the cinema business or with film-journalism. But no summary or *précis* of all this is, as a general rule, offered free, or even sold, to the hundreds of thousands of private persons who go to the cinema to see a work of art or just for fun. (I except from this stricture, in London at least, the admirable Academy Theatre, near Oxford Circus. Within the same parenthesis let me reveal that I asked a taxi-man to drive me there the other day; whereupon, being a Royal-Academy-minded taxi-man, rather than a

Fur-Traders!" was my thought in those days; and it is my thought still.) The old argument may be, and will be, advanced that Zola's work is not genuinely tragic any more than a street-accident is—that it is not genuinely typical of real life any more than a factory on fire is, with workmen and work-girls jumping out of the windows in a panic. But the truth is that Zola writes with such power

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CARROLL BAKER IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF "BABY DOLL," A WARNER BROS. FILM FROM THE SCREENPLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "One can hardly wait to see Carroll Baker in other parts to know whether she is really as good an actress as she appears to be in 'Baby Doll.' Can she do other things besides purring like a sly kitten? Even in this film there are many indications that she can—indications which make her the most promising young film-actress of a year which has been even shorter in promise than in achievement. It is certain that she is immensely and immediately responsive to the film-direction of Elia Kazan, who made the not-easily-forgotten 'Streetcar Named Desire,' and who seems to find something peculiarly congenial to his great talent in the work of Tennessee Williams."

and force—brute-force, if you like—that his facts just cannot be gain-said. You may not like him. But you cannot "lump" him, without moral cowardice. And exactly the same must be said of any filmgoer confronted with "Gervaise" in all its unrelieved, unmitigated, unflinching, uncomfortable, and undeniable starkness and brilliance.

Much less defensible, the more one thinks of it, is "Baby Doll," the first piece written directly for the screen by Tennessee Williams, that unrelieved but also undeniably brilliant American playwright of to-day. Any comparison with Zola really does not arise. The French novelist in his formidable series of big novels was indicting a society. Mr. Williams in his idiosyncratic series of curiously similar plays is merely—if one may cite an author so utterly dissimilar as George Meredith—fiddling "harmonics on the strings of sensualism."

His "Baby Doll"—who really does answer to that

preposterous name—is kid-sister to Blanche in "Streetcar" and to the yearning young woman in "Summer and Smoke." She is married but has decided not to give herself to her husband till the day she is twenty—which is two days before the film begins. Her husband (Karl Malden) has installed her in a decrepit and tumbledown and only partly furnished mansion-house in Mississippi. There is a carefully built-up atmosphere of decay and stagnation. Ancient broken-toothed Negroes loll around the place and against the walls, laughing quite openly at the landlord's frustrations.

A neighbour who is a Sicilian (Eli Wallach) suspects—rightly as it happens—that Baby Doll's husband has set fire to some of his property. He exacts his revenge by stealing his neighbour's wife. That is really about all. But it would be simply hypocritical to deny the sheer animal power of the whole business from start to finish. As drama you may call it small, but you must also call it compelling, disturbing, and not a little frightening. Moreover, regarded simply as a piece of dramatic writing it is singularly well done. Williams has the primary and all-important gift of dialogue—of furnishing talk which not only reveals character but carries on the story simultaneously. Nothing, for example, could be more final or more clinching than the film's very last, apparently casual remark:—"Come on in—we've nothing to do but wait till to-morrow to see if we're remembered or forgotten!"

And finally, regarded simply as a piece of film-making, "Baby Doll" is undeniably superb right down to an intensely characteristic shot near the end when the camera concentrates for three or four seconds on something as apparently trivial or as deeply significant as the bald patch on the crown of the miserable husband's head. The acting, acutely directed at every turn by Kazan, is equally beyond carping. Malden and Wallach are superlatively well balanced and contrasted as the warded-off husband (even if you find it



"A CAREFULLY BUILT-UP ATMOSPHERE OF DECAY AND STAGNATION": "BABY DOLL"—A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) SILVA VACARRO (ELI WALLACH), ARCHIE LEE MEIGHAN (KARL MALDEN) AND HIS YOUNG WIFE, "BABY DOLL" (CARROLL BAKER). (LONDON PREMIERE: LONDON PAVILION, DECEMBER 28.)

cinema-minded one, he drove me straight to Burlington House!)

At the excellent little cinema showing "Gervaise" one can obtain a leaflet—or what is known as a throw-away—declaring, rather in the style of a playbill for a Victorian melodrama, what an unforgettable film it is. ("See the fight in the laundry"; "Don't miss the horrible tragedy on the roof"; and all that sort of thing.) But it quite heinously omits the essential information that "Gervaise" is adapted from Zola's "L'Assommoir," that it has been directed by René Clément (who made one of the most haunting of all films, "Forbidden Games"), and that the two chief parts are acted—very remarkably—by Maria Schell and François Périer. This is, in short, a souvenir with none of the necessary facts by which we may want to remember the film.

It is a film in which is communicated a large amount of the horrifying power of Zola's big unalleviated novel about the misery brought about by absinthe-drinking. (I remember reading it as a boy of thirteen or so in a translation called "The Dram-Shop"—how it was taken away from me by an anxious parent—and how I promptly and furtively secured another Zola novel, "Fécondité" in a translation called "Fruitfulness." "This is far better than Coral Islands and Young



"GERVAISE"—"A FILM IN WHICH IS COMMUNICATED A LARGE AMOUNT OF THE HORRIFYING POWER OF ZOLA'S BIG UNALLEVATED NOVEL ABOUT THE MISERY BROUGHT ABOUT BY ABSINTHE-DRINKING": A SCENE SHOWING GERVAISE (MARIA SCHELL, CENTRE) IN THE GRIM SURROUNDINGS OF HER HOME. THIS FRENCH FILM IS DIRECTED BY RENE CLEMENT. (LONDON PREMIERE: CAMEO POLYTECHNIC, DECEMBER 6.)

difficult to believe in his warding-off!) and the cock-a-hoop wife-stealer, and little Miss Baker is an extraordinarily exciting newcomer to the screen. It is all utterly deplorable, and no less utterly fascinating. But one should have no illusions as to what is attempted or what is done. This is not genuinely a study of the life of the deep South, or even of an essential aspect of it. It is no more than a scrutiny of the corner of a farmyard in Mississippi—its busiest and most boisterous corner. Zola, on the other hand—and the comparison, you see, is not to be dodged—gave us not only the odd corners but the great city itself. A little humour might have removed the undeniably nasty flavour of "Baby Doll." One has to be a dramatic genius like Strindberg—or, come to that, like Zola—to "get away with" no humour at all.

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"GUYS AND DOLLS" (Generally Released; December 24).—The great Runyon-Loesser Broadway musical about Broadway, delightfully done by Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, and Frank Sinatra, and with many, but not all, of the swinging tunes of the original.

"DRY ROT" (Generally Released; December 24).—The film made from the long-running play at the Whitehall Theatre. The critics consider this to be British humour at its worst. But there is an apparently inexhaustible public which disagrees, or which likes its humour low.



# AN EPIC OF TEXAS: "GIANT"—THE FILM OF EDNA FERBER'S FAMOUS NOVEL.



TWO OF THE STARS IN WARNER BROS.' "GIANT": LESLIE BENEDICT (ELIZABETH TAYLOR) VISITS ONE OF HER HUSBAND'S YOUNG RANCH-HANDS, JETT RINK (JAMES DEAN), IN HIS SHACK.



THE RANCH-HAND STRIKES OIL AND WEALTH: JETT RINK, COVERED IN OIL FROM HIS FIRST GUSHER, RUSHES TO TELL MRS. BENEDICT, BUT INSULTS HER.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM HIS FORMER EMPLOYERS' DAUGHTER: JETT RINK IS GIVEN A PRESENT BY LUZ BENEDICT II (CARROLL BAKER).



THE RANCH-HAND TURNED MILLIONAIRE: JETT RINK VISITS THE BENEDICTS' MANSION AND MEETS THEIR DAUGHTER, LUZ, FOR THE FIRST TIME.



MAKING HER FILM DEBUT AS LUZ BENEDICT II: CARROLL BAKER, WHO HAS ALSO RECENTLY STARRED IN WARNER BROS.' "BABY DOLL."



THE LATE JAMES DEAN IN HIS THIRD AND LAST FILM: THE MILLIONAIRE, JETT RINK, GETS DRUNK AT A BANQUET HELD IN HIS HONOUR.



THE THREE STARS OF THIS TEXAN EPIC: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, ROCK HUDSON (AS DICK BENEDICT) AND JAMES DEAN, SEEN ON THE BENEDICTS' RANCH.



REFUSING AN OFFER OF CASH FOR THE LAND LEFT TO HIM: JETT RINK (SEATED) WITHSTANDS THE PERSUASION OF DICK BENEDICT (LEFT) AND HIS LAWYERS.

"Giant" is a film about Texas. It tells the story of the Benedict family, wealthy owners of a half-million-acre cattle ranch. One of their ranch-hands, Jett Rink (played by the late James Dean in his third and final film), strikes oil on a small piece of land left him by one of the Benedicts. He becomes a multi-millionaire, and one element of the film is the tension between the realms of ranching and oil—the two great money-makers of wealthy

Texas. "Giant," which runs for nearly three and a half hours, is directed by George Stevens, and is based on the famous novel of the same title by Edna Ferber. It is the tenth of her novels to be screened, and as well as James Dean the film stars Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. The story covers some thirty years in the lives of its characters, from 1923. Strikingly filmed in WarnerColor, "Giant" is showing at the Warner Cinema, Leicester Square.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN the abstract, one may have no idea what a pattern or "text-book" novel would be like. But things one can't define are often easy to recognise when you come across them. And "The Intruder," by Storm Jameson (Macmillan; 13s. 6d.), seemed to me a pattern of respectability in the worthy sense: of all-round, conservative distinction. In a way, it has everything. Background, to start with: the setting is an archaeological dig, in the scorched, hostile, God-forsaken hinterland of Provence, not far from the crumbling village of Galaure. This is a "used country . . . smelling of violently-dead civilisations." The dust of the excavated city was "old and half human" before the Greeks came; and it expired in the thirteenth century as a "nest of Cathars," who were all—men, women and children—rounded up and burned. After that, says old Carey, the Director, "the place became what their religion had always taught them it was: irredeemably evil." Something fearful seems to come up out of the ground. . . . And with that we pass from the setting to the *motif*: the mystery of hate and cruelty. Old Carey, on the edge of the grave, has an obsessive idea of digging down to it. And it has warped his son's life for nineteen years: ever since Nicholas was a child, and his cuckoo-cousin Daniel entered the family. Daniel with his adroitness and charm, his vast effrontery and self-pity, his smiling treacheries, his bland, slippery penitence when caught. . . . First, the cuckoo engrossed his aunt's love; since then, he has pocketed his uncle and the whole birthright.

The action, lasting ten days, is played out between Daniel and Nicholas—and Daniel's wife Nina, snatched from Nicholas like everything else. And Mrs. Heron, the enormously rich, glamorous, "older" widow who has made Carey her guest at the Residence. Daniel and Nina are at the *auberge*; and Nina, when not toiling away as odd-job woman, is playing confidante to her husband's yearning for Lottie Heron. Meanwhile, he is gently building her up with the others as a hysterical little clog. . . . And then Nicholas walks in; someone has presumed to warn him about his father's health. Nicholas thought he had got over his obsession with Daniel; but in the malignant heat of Galaure, under a climax of incitement, the charge explodes.

As human background, we have the cultured, upper-class depravity of the Residence; and an incorruptible though hard-drinking Frenchman, making the well-worn point that France is unique. It is all handsomely done; it is good storytelling; and yet—after the elaborate groundwork—one can hardly avoid a sense of dignified cliché.

## OTHER FICTION.

M. Maurice Druon has embarked on a vast historical panorama of fourteenth-century France, and we are now at Volume Two. Last time, in "The Iron King," we had the persecution of the Templars, the Grand Master's curse from the stake, the scandal of the Royal daughters-in-law, the torture and execution of their lovers, and the sudden, untimely death of Philip the Fair. Now, in "The Strangled Queen" (Hart-Davis; 15s.) the miserable little Louis X is King; his young wife and her cousin are behind bars, and his Uncle Charles of Valois is tussling for power with Philip's great, upstart minister Enguerrand de Marigny. The imprisoned Queen is the crux. Her odious, pitiful little husband is chafing to marry again; but Clement V has just died, and he can't secure an annulment while there is no Pope. Marigny, for reasons of state, wants to postpone the election and prevent the match. And in the end, Louis agrees to desert his minister if he can have his wife murdered.

This is the stark outline; and happily this grim, glowing, obviously reliable yet strangely Dumasesque pageant will be going on for years and years.

"Time For a Tiger," by Anthony Burgess (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), might be called history in the raw. Anyhow, it is about life in Malaya. And it would be hard to decide what we "learn"—either from its huge, lumbering waif of a Police-Lieutenant, hounded by unquenchable thirst, or from his neat, browbeaten and henpecked Punjabi shadow, Corporal Alladad Khan, or from their implausible buddies, the new English schoolmaster and his homesick, golden-haired wife. Perhaps that all is not lost, if alien birds can flock together with such reciprocal solace in such an apparent welter. At moments, this is a wildly funny book; and it is all brilliantly circumstantial and taking.

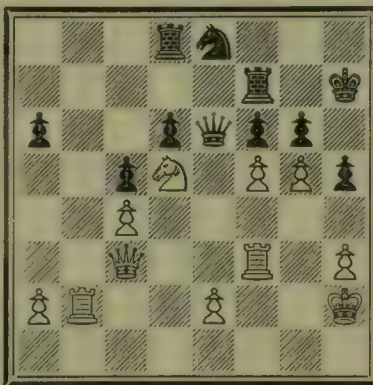
"Imagine a Man," by Nigel Fitzgerald (Collins; 10s. 6d.), introduces Guy Morrough, on his way to Italy via Cahirmore—which is about to stage an Amateur Drama Festival. On the train, he gets chatting with J. D'Arcy Strutt, one of the Adjudicators. At Cahirmore, Mr. Strutt has vanished. Guy's next pick-up is the alluring Annabella Ashe, likewise going to Italy, to play in a film. These two scour the countryside and are nearly drowned in a flooded ditch; and another Festival character comes to an abrupt end. So far I was tolerably on the spot. But with the Italian exodus, what turns out to be a thicket of alcoholism and impersonation grew far beyond me. It is really too much—in spite of the entertaining manner.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE chess masters see an awful lot but they consistently cheer us by *not* seeing quite a lot, too. Here are two striking examples of their human frailty from the very first round of the Premier at Hastings. What would you have played in each of these positions? I give you the customary opportunity to find out for yourself, by deferring the answers to the end of this article.

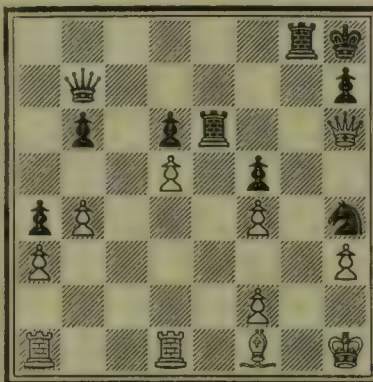
P. H. CLARKE (Black).



A. O'KELLY DE GALWAY (White).

A. White has just played the excellent move 32. P-B5. Black replied 32... KtP×P? What should White play now?

D. G. HORSEMAN (Black).



L. SZABO (White).

B. Black has just played 34... P-B4!—a desperate gambit that succeeded. What should White play now?

A. White can win a rook by 33. P-Kt6ch, as 33... K×P would cost him his queen by 34. Kt-B4ch. Full marks for 33. Kt-B4 first, reversing the process; Black can do nothing against 34. P-Kt6ch.

Both players missed this! O'Kelly played 33. R-K3, winning—admittedly—in only four more moves.

B. White replied 35. Q×R? giving Black the opportunity for which he had been praying. Play continued 35... Q-KKt2, and White's only answer to the threat of mate is 36. Q×Rch. The rooks, with so many weak pawns about, proved no match for the queen, and Szabo should have lost (Horseman finally offered a draw in a won position).

After 35. Q×Kt! on the other hand, Black would be left entirely without resource. For instance, 35... Q-KKt2; 36. Q-Kt3, R-Kt3; 37. Q-KB3; or 35... R(K3)-Kt3; 36. Q-R5.

## PERSONALITIES OF XVIIth AND XVIIIth CENTURY ENGLAND.

AMONG my most treasured possessions is a copy of White's "The Natural History of Selborne" given me by that most understanding and admirable of schoolmasters, the late Robert Sillar. On the flyleaf the donor expressed a wish that "an occasional dip into this volume will give you as much pleasure as it has me during the past fifty years." It has indeed. "The Natural History of Selborne" is the perfect bedside book. From the Reverend Gilbert White's original wish that "stationary men" should take more interest in the natural history of their neighbourhood, the great old eighteenth-century parson continues to be a never-failing source of delight and instruction. Mr. Cecil S. Emden in "Gilbert White in his Village"

(Oxford University Press; 15s.), by an admirable feat of historical reconstruction, has brought to life again the many humble neighbours and collaborators who were at least as important in the compilation of the "Natural History" as his more distinguished correspondents, such as the Hon. Daines Barrington. What an admirable rector and what a charming master Gilbert White must have been! His relationship with Thomas, his gardener and general factotum, was as delightful as it was democratic, during the forty years in which Thomas served him so faithfully. Poor Thomas! he was not always all that intelligent. As Mr. Emden recounts the well-known story when Thomas came to White one morning, and said: "Please, sir, I've been and broke a glass." "Broke a glass, Thomas! How did you do that?" "I'll show you, sir." Thereupon he went and brought another wineglass, which he dropped on the floor, saying: "That's how I broke it, sir." "There, go along, Thomas! You are a great fool," said White, and then muttered to himself: "And I was as great a one for asking such a foolish question." Mr. Emden is greatly to be congratulated on so pleasant an evocation of surely one of the gentlest and kindest figures who have ever set pen to paper.

Some twenty years before Gilbert White began to carry on his sedate and charming correspondence with Messrs. Daines Barrington and Thomas Pennant, a young lady of the highest family was beginning to set the fashionable world by the ears. "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," whose life by Robert Halsband is published by the Oxford University Press at 30s., was the first and the greatest of blue stockings. She was attractive, if her portraits are any guide, but would clearly—in a later day and age—have been admirably fitted to be the head of a woman's college at Cambridge. While Horace Walpole's unkind reference to her as "Moll Worthless" was waspish, and while she must have been intensely exasperating, no student of the great eighteenth-century eccentrics can afford to neglect this fantastic woman. Lady Mary suffered much from Horace Walpole, whose description of her taking a young man to dance country dances at a formal ball "where there was no measure kept in laughter at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage," and his recording of the fact that playing cards with the Princesse de Craon, she cheated "horse and foot," will be remembered long after Mr. Halsband's more temperate appraisal. Mr. Halsband, however, has done a first-class job in paying tribute to so much wit and so much courage. The plates, especially the charming early portrait of Lady Mary painted by Charles Jervas in 1710, are very well reproduced.

An unusual book on the same period is "English People in the Eighteenth Century," by Dorothy Marshall (Longmans; 30s.). As the authoress says, it is by no means intended to be a text-book of eighteenth-century England. That is to say, none of the normal (and mildly dull) stuff about the causes of the Seven Year War, or the American Revolution, are explicitly provided. In fact, she has set out to "show from contemporary material what it meant to the English man and woman of the time to be a member of one of these classes" (i.e., the nobility, gentry, middle-classes and labouring poor). While Miss Marshall rightly points out that neither economic, constitutional or political history can be studied in a vacuum, her approach—which is largely from the economic angle—will fit in with the works of her colleagues who have dealt with that great century from other angles. The book is illustrated with

some excellent reproductions of contemporary portraits and prints.

"Four Worthies" (Cape; 18s.), by Professor Wallace Notestein, the Sterling Professor of English History in Yale University, is about four English characters of the seventeenth century. John Chamberlain, the easy-going bachelor and "news-gatherer," is becoming one of the principal sources for our knowledge of the seventeenth century; Lady Anne Clifford was one of the most remarkable and indomitable of the great ladies of her time. Very different again was John Taylor, the Water Poet—though he, too, was as much part of the picture of seventeenth-century Britain as was the fourth of the group, Oliver Heywood, the Nonconformist minister. Professor Notestein has studied his subjects so closely and lived with them so long that it is not surprising that he brings them so vividly to life.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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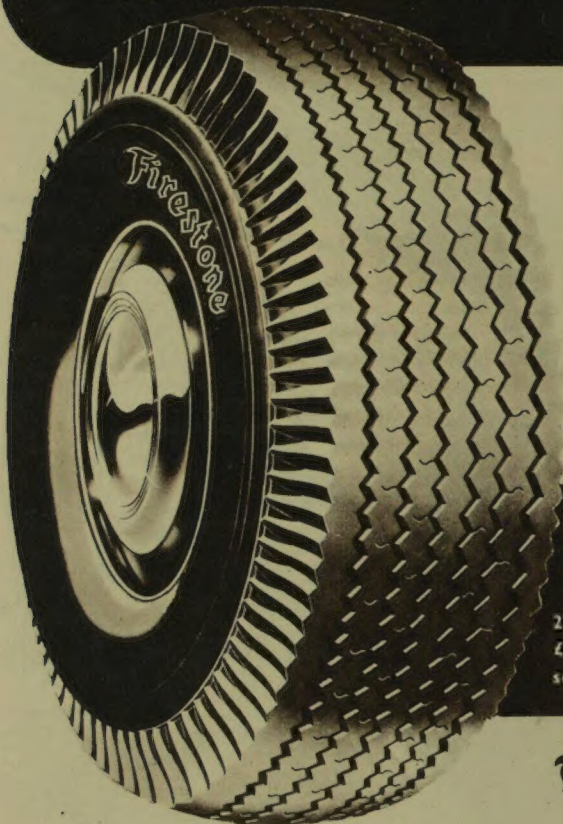
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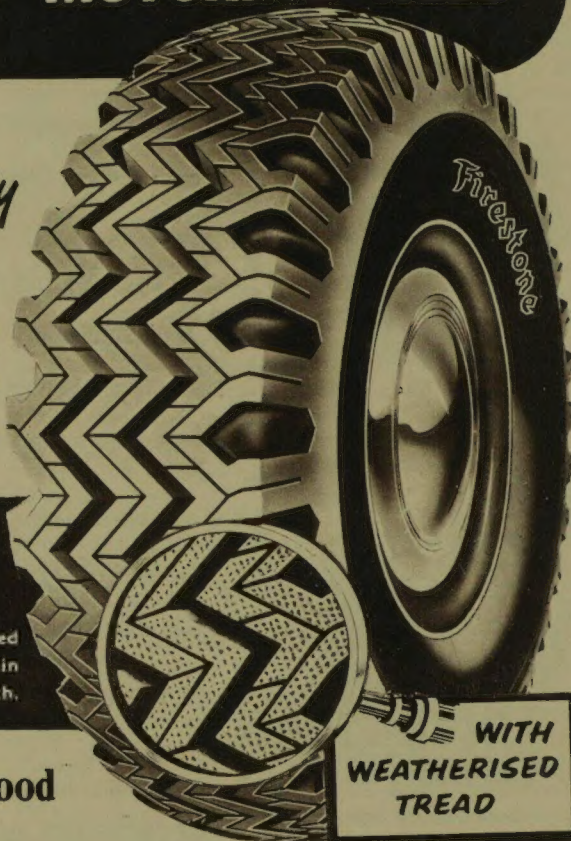
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# Shell guide to JANUARY trees

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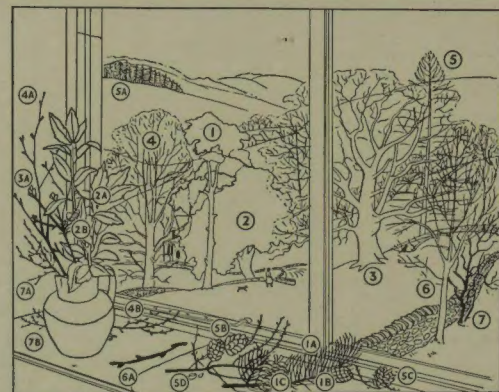


Evergreens spell life in a winter landscape, particularly our native SCOTS PINE (1), with reddish bark and needles in pairs (1A). Last year's green cone (1B) — compare an old dry one (1C) — will ripen in autumn. The ILEX (2), an evergreen oak from Southern Europe, has polished leaves, cottony underneath, often spiny (2A), and acorns which take eighteen months to ripen (2B).

Trees naked in winter (deciduous trees) reveal their characteristic branching. Our common OAK (3) is recognizable by large, jerkily spreading boughs, rough brown bark and many-scaled reddish-brown buds (3A). The LIME (4) grows more erect with smoother bark and red buds alternate on slender

stems (Common Lime 4A: and a red-twigged variety 4B). The EUROPEAN LARCH (5), introduced in Charles I's time, is a deciduous conifer, usually grown in plantations (5A). Old cones (5B) cling to its greyish yellow twigs. You can tell Japanese Larch, introduced from the Japanese mountains, by its curling cone scales (5C). Larch seed develop in pairs on the scales (5D).

Birds still look hopefully for berries on the ROWAN or MOUNTAIN ASH (6), whose buds are protected by hairs (6A) from frost of mountain or garden. Before long flowers will swell on the spiky twigs of BLACKTHORN or SLOE (7 and 7A); a close relation BULLACE (7B) has straighter brown twigs with fewer spines.



Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 7s. On sale at booksellers.

You can be sure of



The Key to the Countryside